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FEBRUARY 1910

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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Photo Walengir, Chicago

FLORENCE ROCKWELL AND ALPHONZ ETHIER

In Eugene Presbrey's dramatization of Rex Beach's novel, "The Barrier," now running at the New Amsterdam Theatre



AT THE PLAYHOUSE



LYRIC. "THE CITY." Play in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced December 21. The cast follows:

George Rand.....	A. H. Stuart
George Rand, Jr.....	Walter Hampden
Mrs. Rand.....	Eva Vincent
Teresa Rand.....	Lucile Watson
Mary Nash.....	Gordon Van Vranken.....
George Fred'k Hannock.....	Tully Marshall.....
Bert Vorhees.....	George Howell.....
Eleanor Vorhees.....	Helen Holmes.....
	John Jex
	Foote.....
	Fred Courtenay

Great interest naturally attaches to Clyde Fitch's last play, and his posthumous triumph with "The City" adds a pathetic touch to the history of his career. The workmanship of this play is so fine that it would seem that he had reached the perfection of his artistic growth. The philosophical meaning of "The City" is less definite than its effective passages of tragedy. The scenes are abhorrent and appalling, but this laying bare of a vicious soul in such a way that its absolute truth is felt is an achievement. Here we have an utterly vicious man, whose vitality and dreams are sustained only by means of opium, which we see him inject into his arm. In attempting to shoot the man to whom he was private secretary, he kills the girl to whom he had been married half an hour before and who, he has just learned, is his half sister. The play is as abhorrent, in this feature, as Ibsen's "Ghosts"—perhaps it has as much of a lesson. But the sheer power of the cumulative scenes of the end of the second act is undeniable. We do not see that the city or the country is involved in the philosophy of the play, if it has any other philosophy than that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

Here is a family living in a large country town, the wife, the two daughters and the son nagging at the father to move to the city because of the wider life to be found. He refuses to budge. The son, after a long argument with him, finally consents to remain as long as the father lives. The father is now vis-

ited by a young man, who noisily and insistently demands money from him. His only hold upon the rich man is that he had been sending a regular remittance to his mother, who had recently died, and had discontinued it. This blackmailing has worn the old man out. He finds it necessary to confide the facts to his son. The intruder was also his son by an intrigue in his youth. He asks his son to take care of his half brother when it became necessary. The father cautions him to reveal the secret to no one, and then passes out. In the hall he sinks to the floor and dies of heart failure before aid can be summoned. Not a detail of the flurry in a household in such a moment is lacking, and there is not a detail too much. The father's death at once removes every obstacle to the change to the city. The ambitious young man is soon about to be nominated for governor. He has brought his half-brother to the city with him and made him his secretary. In that capacity

he has discovered some irregularities of his employer. He demands a place of preferment. He is refused. He produces his facts and obtains a promise. The manager of the campaign will not hear of the suggested employment. Step by step the complications are built. There is nothing to equal this compact, progressive development in any of Fitch's other plays. The upshot of it is that the young candidate orders the man from the house. He will go, but he will expose the candidate, and he will take with him the younger sister of the candidate. For the first time their relations must be made known. The brother, with the knowledge of the secret, now undertakes to separate the two without giving his true reason. The girl refuses to listen to her brother, and defies him. When alone with the vicious half brother he tells him the



Pierre (Laurence Irving)

Charlotte (Mabel Hackney)

Act II. Charlotte, goaded to exasperation by the indifference of Pierre, strikes him and then leaves the house
SCENE IN "THE AFFINITY" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE COMEDY THEATRE



Pavai (Frederick Lewis) General de Siberan (Arnold Daly)
SCENE IN "KNOW THYSELF" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT
THE BERKELEY THEATRE

secret. He refuses to believe it. Then the girl must be told. She is called in only to be shot down, as already described. From that moment the murderer acts as only frenzied vermin act when caught in a death-trap. It is a scene of horror and acted by Mr. Tully Marshall with a sincerity of feeling and art that was enough to establish him in a single night. This is not an uncommon happening, and it is not an accident, with actors whose art is the growth of years of observation, thought and training. That the last act of a play which is essentially a tragedy should contain scenes of delicately wrought comedy is unusual; but the reconciliation, in the shadow of a domestic disaster, of a married couple about to be divorced is fine comedy and well acted.

NEW THEATRE. "Don." Comedy in three acts by Rudolph Besier. Produced December 30 with this cast:

Mrs. Bonnington..Mrs. Dellenbaugh	Fanny..... Margaret Fareleigh
Canon Bonnington..E. M. Holland	S. Bonnington....Matheson Lang
Mrs. Sinclair..Beverley Sitgreaves	Eliz. Thompson....Thais Lawton
Ann Sinclair..L. Bateman-Hunter	Albert Thompson...Louis Calvert
General Sinclair..William McVay	

Rudolf Besier is a new name in the roster of British playwrights. Some greeted the new dramatist as a worthy successor to Bernard Shaw. It would rather seem that he belonged to the school of which W. Somerset Maugham is a brilliant example. That he has keen powers of observation must be admitted; that he has learned the details of his craft may be questioned. Constructively, his is not a creative talent. "Don," the

play which first brought him into prominence in London, has been added to the repertoire of the New Theatre.

Stephen Bonnington, son of a Canon, and familiarly known as Don, on account of his quixotic qualities, rescues a waitress in distress. She becomes a member of his mother's household. They grow interested in each other, and she leaves the parochial roof to become the wife of a dissenting preacher. The latter treats her badly, and Don once more comes to her rescue and leads her again to his mother's roof-tree. On account of her illness, however, they are detained overnight at a hotel. The explanation which he vouchsafes of his perfectly innocent action is variously construed by his friends and relations, including his fiancée and her rather positive parents. The end is what might be expected, but the exposition is accomplished through much epigrammatic dialogue and character drawing that is sure, deft and appealing. The final effect, however, is tenuous.

In the title rôle Matheson Lang displays a most engaging personality of youth and force. His enunciation is clean and crisp, his delivery a delight. His Don is humanly vivid. His adoring mother is sweetly portrayed by Mrs. H. Otis Dellenbaugh, and the waitress and her husband are dramatically presented by Thais Lawton and Louis Calvert. The rather colorless fiancée is consistently treated by Leah Bateman-Hunter, but E. M. Holland is quite wooden as the Canon.



Paul Potter (Vincent Serrano) Sylvia Castle (Ida Conquest)
SCENE IN "A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH" PRODUCED RECENTLY AT
WALLACK'S THEATRE



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MARGUERITE CLARK IN "THE KING OF CADONIA"

Delicious bits of character are graphically presented by Beverley Sitgreaves and William McVay as Don's prospective parents by marriage.

SAVOY. "THE COMMANDING OFFICER." Melodrama in four acts by Theodore Burt Sayre. Produced December 27 with this cast:

Col. Richard Archer....	Charles Milward	Sheriff Baker	George C. Staley
Major Abner Bingham...	Fred'k. Watson	Floyd Carroll	Isabel Irving
Lieut. Waring	Robt. T. Haines	Belle Archer	Gertrude Dallas
Lieutenant Hammond...	Edw. Martindal	Mrs. Bingham	Rosa Rand
Lieutenant Billings....	John Junior	Gwendolen Bingham	Phyllis Sherwood
Dr. O'Connell	George Roiddell	Mary	Edna Bern
	Brent Lindsay	Charles Lane	

It is quite refreshing to witness a situation of theatrical self-sacrifice worked out on logical lines that carry conviction. This is what Theodore Burt Sayre has done in his interesting play of army post life, "The Commanding Officer." The foolish wife of Col. Richard Archer, in a moment of pique and during the absence of her husband, carries on an innocent, but yet compromising flirtation with a mine owner, whose moral record is none of the best. Into this situation steps a blackmailing lieutenant of cavalry. The governess in the colonel's family, much loved by both the blackmailer and a U. S. army officer, attempts to shield her friend and employer with a result that a more than awkward situation is evoked in which a mysterious murder is involved. To explain how ingeniously Mr. Sayre sustains the suspense pending the final and satisfactory solution would be unfair to the author, who must be credited with the skilful telling of a very interesting story by means of striking scenes and finished and sustained character drawing. The dialogue is forcible and natural, and Mr. Sayre, who until now has been largely a purveyor of highly colored Irish romantic melodrama, shows a marked improvement over his former output.

The interpreting company is brilliant in spots and deplorably

weak in others. Isabel Irving, as the self-sacrificing governess, is truly admirable. It is a creation of the highest dramatic merit, and is instinct with intelligence, humanity and emotional feeling. Rosa Rand gives a capital sketch of a gossiping widow, and her petulant daughter is amusingly presented by Phyllis Sherwood. The exponent of the wife is sorely overweighted. The colonel is acted with manly discretion by Charles Millward, and Dr. O'Connell is played with unctuous good humor and tact by George Riddell. George C. Staley is a conventional Western sheriff, the villain is played on safe lines by Robert T. Haines, and as a cub lieutenant John Junior is engagingly volatile.

HUDSON. "THE NEXT OF KIN." Play in three acts by Charles Klein. Produced December 27 with this cast:

Harry Parkes	Grant Mitchell	Dr. Zachari	Edwin W. Morrison
Hilda	Minna Adelman	Dr. McMurrie	Joseph Adelman
Mrs. Parkes	Maggie Fielding	Professor Bodleye	Fred. W. Strong
Paula Marsh	Hedwig Reicher	Supt. Spencer	Maurice Franklin
John Ricaby	Frederick Perry	Stenographer	Agnes Marc
Todhunter Chase	Wallace Eddinger	Collins	George A. Wright
Ex-Judge Bascom Cooley	Frank Sheridan	Mrs. Johnson	Anita Rothe
James Marsh	Harry Davenport	Mrs. James Marsh	Alice Wilson

The power of polemic writing, as in novels by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, is an uplifting part of our literature, and it is also possible for a play to work a revolution in public thought, but the effects are wrought through widely differing limitations in the respective forms of expression. Suffering and injustice when made visible may be so painful as to be without the compensation of enjoyment. Certainly, Mr. Klein's play, "The Next of Kin," is a powerful and absolutely truthful exposition of existing evils in the distorted use of law. The next of kin, seeking to wrest a part of an estate from a young woman, and failing in it, secure temporary possession of her person by having her imprisoned in an asylum as suffering from delusions in order to have control of her property. Here we have set before us as undeniable facts the chicanery and corruptness that exist, to some extent, in the two



FRANCIS WILSON AND BABY DAVIS IN "THE BACHELOR'S BABY"

professions, law and medicine, which stand the closest to individual liberty. The possible danger from them, even if exceptional, is appalling. That Mr. Klein makes out his case there can be no doubt. The grafting lawyer, in particular, is vividly real. We execrate him, but Mr. Klein is so intent on driving home his lesson that he perhaps does not make enough of a concession to the natural wishes of an audience to see proper retribution overtake such criminals. The author aims at compensation in providing a full restitution of happiness to the persecuted woman. Her rescue comes from the bosom of the very family that seeks to injure her. It is the stepson of her uncle who, through his love for her, sets into motion the means of her delivery. The growth of the love between the two and the way in which he gradually gains her confidence, are delicately shown. Hedwig Reicher's personality hardly adapted itself to the character of the heroine. It was difficult to imagine a woman of her imposing presence and forceful temperament allowing herself to be browbeaten and kidnapped in this fashion. The comedy lines given Wallace Edginger, as the breezy stepson, hurt rather than helped the play, since the laughter they aroused distracted attention from the main action. The play did not prove a success, but it was so worthy in its motive, so superior to the plays that are the mere expedients of the moment, that it deserved prosperity.

GARRICK. "YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT." Play in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Produced January 3 with this cast:

Lafayette Towers	Otis Skinner	Dan	W. Brunell
Richard Prentice, Sr.	Charles B. Wells	Servant at the Prentices	F. Hannan
Knollingsworth Brean	Edward Fielding	Margaret Druce	Izetta Jewel
Isidor Blum	A. G. Andrews	Mrs. K. Brean	Isabel Richards
"Dick" Prentice	Alfred Hudson, Jr.	Mrs. Cooley	Jessie Cromette
Lon Giddings	Russell Cranford		



Sarony

CARLOTTA NILLSON

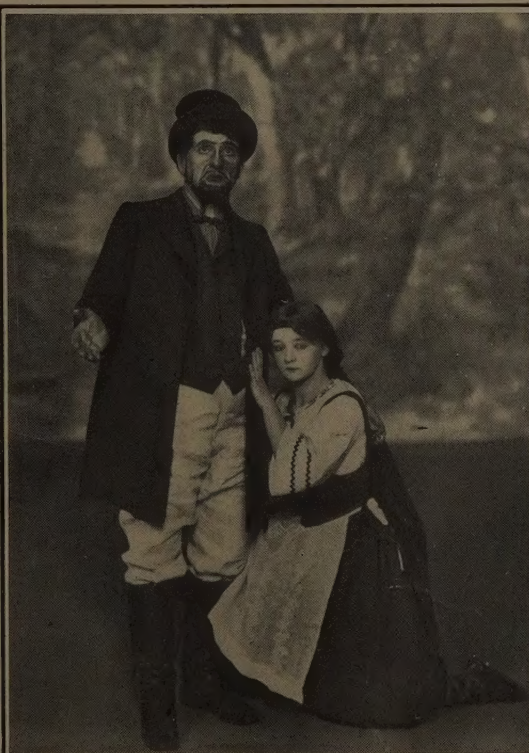
Will be seen shortly in Cleveland Moffett's new play entitled "For Better—For Worse"

As a play "Your Humble Servant" leaves much to be desired, but as a vehicle for a popular and admirable actor, it serves the purpose for which it was obviously written—to present Otis Skinner in a picturesque and sympathetic rôle. The piece shows him as the traditional fly-by-night thespian, whose big heart and invincible optimism make him proof against the arrows of outrageous fortune, and eventually win him success, where a coldly correct line of conduct might have failed. It is one of those behind-the-scenes pieces, where the theatre is turned inside out for our supposed delectation. We see a road company, with the usual light hearts and light baggage, stranded at Weedsport, N. Y., and starting back for Broadway via canal boat. The leading man, Lafayette Towers, loves the lady juvenile, Margaret Druce, whom he has brought up in the profession since she was left an orphan kiddie in the South. The girl does not suspect anything more than a fatherly affection, so she has given her heart to Dick Prentice, the stage-struck son of a New York millionaire. Dick shows signs of weakening in adversity, so Margaret gets rid of him for his own good. Then she and Towers are engaged for a vaudeville act at a private house, which turns out to be the Prentice mansion. Young Dick falls under the spell again, and this time the actress puts him back in his place by pretending that Towers is the man she really loves. Towers, for one brief, passionate moment, believes this. Then in his sudden revulsion of feeling when he finds it was only make-believe—and tries to laugh off his own heartache, saying "I have overacted, as usual!"—Mr. Skinner has his best moment. In the last act, when Margaret has made a huge Metropolitan hit, she throws herself into the arms of the faithful Lafayette Towers.



Moffett, Chicago

Louise Barthel

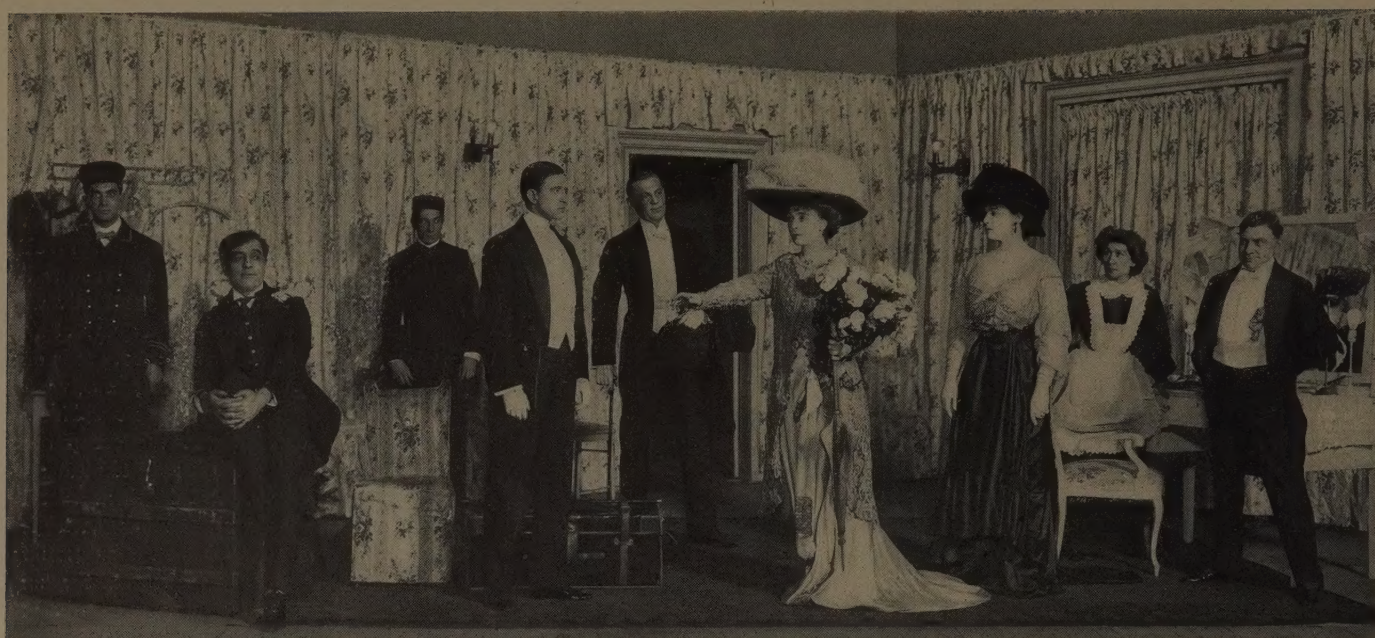


Emil Berla and Lottie Manthey in scene from "Der Mansefalle Haendler"



Cornelia Morena

PRINCIPALS IN THE VIENNESE OPERA COMPANY AT THE ZIEGFELD THEATRE, CHICAGO



Otis Skinner

Alfred Hudson, Jr. Edward Fielding Izetta Jewel

A. G. Andrews

Act IV. Margaret comes to throw herself into the arms of the faithful Towers

SCENE IN BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY LEON WILSON'S COMEDY "YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT"

DALY'S. "THE KING OF CADONIA." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Frederick Lonsdale. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and M. E. Rourke. Music by Sidney Jones and Jerome D. Kern. Produced Jan. 10. Cast:

Duke of Alasia.....William Norris	Militza.....Clara Palmer
Alexis, King of Cadonia...Robt. Dempster	Stephanie.....Mabel Weeks
General Bonski.....Albert Gran	Duchess of Alasia.....Bessie Tannehill
Captain Laski.....Melville Stewart	Natine.....Addie Marze
Lieutenant Jules.....Donald Buchanan	Wanda.....Edna Broderick
Lieutenant Saloff.....William Davis	

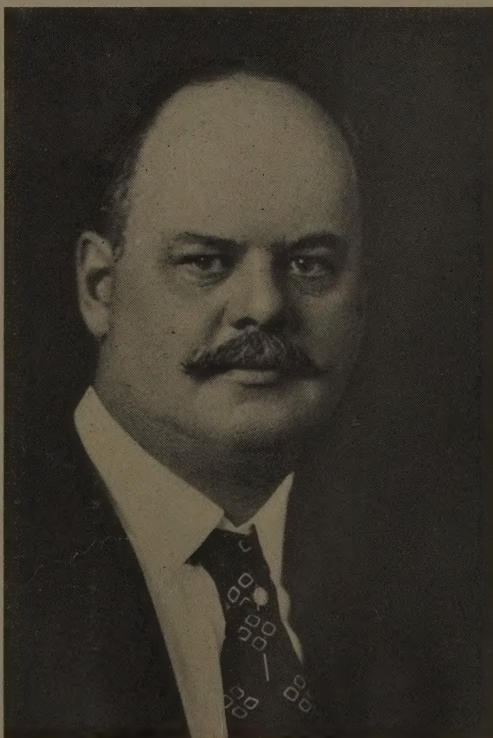
Whenever we hear of an English musical comedy success, in two acts, entitled "The King of" anything, and credited to a list of authors, lyric-writers, composers, adaptors and producers almost as long as the cast of the play itself, we think with a tolerant sigh that the only novelty we can expect from

(Continued on page xiii)

Complimentary Banquet Tendered to Mr. G. J. Charlton

ON the night of December 16, at the new La Salle Hotel in Chicago, Mr. George J. Charlton, recently made passenger traffic manager of the Hawley system of railways, was tendered a complimentary banquet by his many railroad and theatrical friends. There were nearly one hundred guests gathered about the huge banquet table, which took up the entire floor space of the main banquet hall of the hotel. Everyone present was a personal friend of the guest of honor, while letters and telegrams expressing regret at not being able to attend were received from all over the country. Will J. Davis of the Illinois Theatre, a lifelong friend of Mr. Charlton's, was chairman for the occasion, and the Rev. Father Maurice J. Dorney acted as toastmaster.

The speeches were all clever and warmly eulogistic of Mr. Charlton who, for many years, was general passenger agent of the Chicago & Alton Railway. He was an employee in the passenger department of that company since he was a lad, and is to-day one of the best known railroad men in the United States, particularly among theatrical folk. Among the speakers were Robert Somerville, Alexander Hilton and David Bowes, well-known railroad men. E. O. McCormick, traffic director of the Hariman lines; Richmond Dean, general manager of the Pullman Palace Car Company; L. M. Allen, general passenger agent of the Rock Island system,



Matzene, Chicago

MR. GEORGE J. CHARLTON

and C. A. Cairns, who occupies the same position with the Northwestern system; Levy Mayer and Alexander Sullivan of the Chicago Bar Association; Harry Powers, manager of Powers's Theatre; James J. Brady of the Whitney theatrical interests; John Ringling, general manager of Ringling's circus; George W. Lederer of the Colonial Theatre; William A. Pinkerton, Colonel Milton J. Foreman of the 1st Illinois Cavalry; Lynn D. Powers, Joseph Dimery and John M. Glenn of the celebrated Chicago "40" Club; James McNally, head of the Rand-McNally Map and Printing Company; Albert S. Gage of the Wellington Hotel, and others. Telegrams were read from Charles Frohman, William Harris, Alf and Al Hayman, Julius Kahn, Ed Bloom, Harry G. Sommers, Charles Dillingham and Jake Shubert of New York; Samuel F. Nixon and J. Fred Zimmermann of Philadelphia, and Pat Short of St. Louis, as well as such local managers as were unable to be present at the banquet owing to previous engagements. Among the railway men who sent telegrams and letters were Edwin Hawley, T. P. Shonts, S. M. Felton, Charles F. Daly, George H. Ross, G. K. Lowell, W. J. Lynch and E. L. Lomax.

Just before the festivities were concluded Mr. Davis presented Mr. Charlton, on behalf of guests and friends, with a very large and handsome loving-cup, appropriately engraved.



THIRD SCENE IN "ORFEO E EURYDICE" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

At the Opera Houses

NOT only has opera run a riotous course during the past month, the performances at the four opera houses of Greater New York totaling from fourteen to sixteen performances weekly, but also has this already too lively season been made livelier by Dame Rumor. The latter had it firmly fixed that there was to be a merger consummated between the rival opera camps. The columns of the dailies fairly bulged with details. Statements, cross-statements and counter-statements followed each other as fast as the printing presses revolved. The gist of it all was a scheme by which the Manhattan Opera House would be abandoned as an opera emporium, and that Oscar Hammerstein would go to the Metropolitan, there to direct the French performances, taking his company of French singers over with him. Well, it has all come to naught, so the war for glory and patronage between the two institutions is, if possible, more bitter than ever. But the public is the gainer, for surely such a season of opera has never before existed in any land or any time.

Novelties, revivals, repetitions with new principals and with familiar ones—these summarize the month's activity at the Metropolitan, Manhattan and the New Theatre. Chief in importance from out of the long and imposing list was the revival of Gluck's "Orfeo e Eurydice," a famous work that had slumbered here for about a decade and a half. Off hand it was to be expected that the mere announcement of a revival of this ancient opera—it is quite the oldest work in the repertoire of the opera houses here—would cause scarcely a ripple of excitement. But when the big first night audience saw the sumptuous and artistic manner in

which the opera was mounted, and heard the life and interest that Toscanini breathed into this score, they could do nothing else but applaud and praise. As it stands to-day this revival of "Orfeo" is one of the greatest achievements of the Metropolitan management. The classic simplicity of this score and the unusual stage pictures demanded are features that are easily wrecked by a brusque or inartistic touch. But Toscanini has shown his complete mastery here. He conducted in a manner that aroused nothing but praise and interest.

Nor is all the glory his, by any means. Mme. Homer sang Orfeo, and in such an impressive manner that she enjoyed the success of her entire career here. She lent this part imposing dignity. Her grief was a page from the classic myth, and yet she made the rôle and its dramatic purposes seem absolutely human. To this she added beautiful singing and a fine presence. In a word, her success was complete. Mme. Gadski sang Eurydice finely, but her appearance did not so completely carry out the illusion as did Homer's. Alma Gluck sang a small part exquisitely, and Bella Alten was a trifle disappointing as Armire. The stage pictures carried conviction and admiration with them. The one of the Elysian Fields was a lovely picture, suggesting a canvas by Puvis de Chavannes, and in this scene there was some remarkably effective dancing by Tamara de Swirsky. What was really amazing about the whole performance was that this opera, now nearly a century and a half old, should have found its appreciation just at a time when Strauss, Debussy and Massenet are all dinning in our ears. There is a fine irony about it all.



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MME. FREMSTAD
As Elsa



Copyright Dupont
MME. NORDICA
In "Gioconda"



HENRY DUTILLOY
(Metropolitan)



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MME. VAN DYCK
As Manon



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MME. PASQUALE
In "Pagliacci"

Quite at the other extreme of genres was the revival of "La Fille de Mme. Angot," at the New Theatre. This famous work by Lecocq was also heard during the Manhattan season of opera comique, and previous to that time it has been heard here only from time to time. The latest presentation, at the New Theatre, was artistic in the extreme. The company of principals was one that would command greatest respect, even in France, the country from which the work sprang. There was one newcomer in the cast in the person of Jeanne Maubourg, who sang Mlle. Lange. She disclosed a fine presence and a most agreeable voice, acting and singing as though to the opera comique manner born. Edmond Clement sang Ange Pitou exquisitely, while Henry Dutilloy was simply capital as Pomponnet. Frances Alda sang Clairette Angot extremely well, although it must be said that her acting was a trifle heavy and lacking in mischievous spirit. Tango conducted ably, and the scenery and costuming were sumptuous.

Two other musical productions at the New Theatre crave attention. One was Fernando Paer's "Il Maestro di Cappella," which is very, very old. It was presented in an abbreviated version and charmed its hearers. The music is Mozartean in its purling, placid loveliness, and the tale is amusing. Pini-Corsi made most of the fun, while Alma Gluck again proved to be the possessor of a very pleasing voice, which she employed with taste and discretion.

The other work was a pantomime called "L'Histoire d'un Pierrot," the music composed by Mario Costa. Rita Sacchetto, Lucette de Lievin and Lodovico Sarracco danced the three important rôles effectively, Sacchetto's dancing being especially graceful. Costa's music is pleasing, but of hardly greater moment. Mlle. Sacchetto, it is said, is to be the star of an entirely new production.

At the Metropolitan an American singer, Jane Osborn-Hannah made her American début in opera. She claims Cincinnati as her birthplace, and she has sung in concert and oratorio in the West. But for three years she has applied herself to hard work at Leipsic, at the opera house there, and has gained stage routine and assurance. Her New York début was as Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser," and she acquitted herself with much credit. Her voice is youthful in quality, which is a valuable asset these days for Wagner singers, and she both acted and sang with skill and effect. That the dread of a Metropolitan first night was upon her was not difficult to see; but when this is worn off she ought to give even a better account of herself. That particular "Tannhäuser" was an excellent performance. Fremstad sang, looked and acted Venus as only she can; and Jörn was admirable in the title rôle. Clarence Whitehill, also an American with the

operatic "made in Germany" stamp of approval on him, was capital as Wolfram, singing well and interestingly.

Another novel performance was that of "Lohengrin," when Fremstad sang Elsa for the first time in her career. Her reading was crammed with artistic thought and care, and again did this capable artist give ample evidence of brains, brains and again brains in what she did. It was one of the most interesting Elsas

seen here, not a mere puppet, but a human being, despite Wagner's operatic trappings with which he has clothed this foolish virgin.

Fremstad also essayed Tosca—one of her ambitions—and she made much of this dramatic part—not so much, perhaps, as she will later, when some of the newness has worn off. But as it was she is a thoroughly satisfying Tosca in the long and crowded gallery of interpreters of this part now dwelling in our operatic midst.

Leo Slezak, the giant Czech tenor, had a further opportunity to show his worth by singing Radames in "Aida." He was very impressive to the eye, and he sang excellently, his fine voice ringing nobly in the dramatic moments; and while in the episodes of lyric placidness his tone was adorable.

The season's first "Die Walküre" was an extraordinarily good performance, and it gave Whitehill a chance to display his fine reading and singing of Wotan. He looked the part, every inch, and he sang it with dramatic intensity that was gratifying to the ears of Wagner music lovers. There were times when he seemed to force his voice unnecessarily, but he achieved big climaxes. Alfred Hertz conducted magnificently. Fremstad, as Sieglinde; Gadski, as Brünnhilde; Bur-

rian, as Siegmund, and Homer as Waltraute—all were excellent.

And then, finally, that delightful opera of folk-songs, children and ginger-bread which was revived—"Hansel und Gretel." It crowded the Metropolitan with all the beribboned heads in New York, and it crowded the hearts of the tots with glee.

All eyes and ears were trained upon the Manhattan on the occasion of the first Wagner performance in this opera house. The work chosen was "Tannhäuser," and eager scribes went so far as to assert that this was the first time that "Tannhäuser" had been sung in New York in French. But they were wrong—the Metropolitan having achieved that feat some years ago.

Foremost in the Manhattan's "Tannhäuser" was Maurice Renaud. He sang a Wolfram that was decidedly fine of its type. The evening marked some of the best singing that Renaud has done here. Mazarin was Elizabeth, and she was barely convincing, while Doria as Venus was chiefly statuesque. Zenatello sang the title part, but Italianized it rather woefully, and of De La Fuente's conducting volumes of praise can scarcely be written.



White

GEORGIA O'RAHEY

Who plays Kit McNair in "Seven Days" at the Astor Theatre



Moffett, Chicago Laurette Taylor H. B. Warner



Maude Turner Gordon H. B. Warner



Gail Y. Towers Frank Monroe H. B. Warner

SCENES IN "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE," NOW RUNNING AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

Another O. Henry Story Dramatized for the Stage

THE dramatization by Paul Armstrong of O. Henry's short story "A Retrieved Reformation," is now being presented at Wallack's Theatre, this city, under the title, "Alias Jimmy Valentine." It is a melodrama in four acts, and reveals the romance of a young burglar whose natural manliness and instinctive chivalry, shrouded in crime for the time being, bring about his own reformation. Unlike the average detective story, it does not tend to idealize or romanticize hopelessly vicious and depraved characters.

Lee Randall, alias Jimmy Valentine, is doing ten years in Sing Sing for burglary, when Rose Lane, to whom he had previously revealed his true self in an act of splendid manliness, discovers him and secures his pardon on finding that he had been convicted on false testimony. His record as a thief, however, is notorious enough, for he is known to the police as one of the most dangerous young cracksmen in the fraternity, inasmuch as he is able to open the combination of any safe by the mere touch of his remarkably sensitive fingers. On his release, having been given employment in the bank of Rose's father, his steady resolution to live straight has won for him in two years' time, not only the position of assistant cashier in the bank, but the love of Rose as well. Reformation has revealed him as a boyish, human-loving chap, full of graciousness and charm, loving good for itself and hating the evil of other days. A single cloud hangs over his happiness. He is wanted by the State of Massachusetts for the crime

of burglary committed before his final incarceration, and long before his reform. Doyle, a detective, is on his track. While known to the police only as "Jimmy Valentine," he hopes when Doyle shall finally confront him as Lee Randall to be able to prove an alibi by evidences of the movements of another, and the real Lee Randall, his own cousin. Doyle confronts him, and in a well-written and convincing scene Randall completely outwits his pursuer. At the very moment of triumph, however, it transpires that young Bobby Lane, Rose's brother, while playing in the bank has accidentally imprisoned himself in a vault. No one is at hand who knows the combination of the lock. Except for immediate assistance, the child will die like a rat in a trap. Without thought of self, Randall leaps to the lock, and in a quiet, tense scene of

breathless interest, he works on the combination with his curiously sensitive fingers, sandpapering down the skin to the very nerves, until he succeeds in throwing open the safe, and rescuing the child. The very act betrays him to Doyle as "Jimmy Valentine," and he is about to give himself up when Rose, who has seen all, understood all, gives proof of her continued faith and devotion. In the face of the test, Doyle decides that the lady needs him more than the State of Massachusetts. Cast includes H. B. Warner, Laurette Taylor, Frank Monroe, Harold Hartsell, Albert Elliott, Loudon McCormack, Edmund Elton, Maude Turner Gordon, Gail Y. Towers, Frank Kingdon, Edward Bayes, Chas. E. Graham, William T. Clifton, Joseph Tuohy, Donald Gallagher and E. Coddington.

The Studebaker

Fine Arts Building, Michigan Blvd.. Bet. Van Buren and Congress

COMMENCING SATURDAY DECEMBER 25th, 1909

H. B. WARNER

(Liebler & Co., Managers)

In a Play by Paul Armstrong

(Author of Salomy Jane.)

Alias Jimmy Valentine

(Suggested by O. Henry's Short Story—A Retrieved Reformation.)

THE MANAGERIAL SENSE OF PROPORTION

The above facsimile of the program of a play recently seen in Chicago is interesting as showing the relative importance of author, adaptor and actor from the managerial point of view. The name of the author, a famous writer, whose brain first conceived the story, appears in type so small as to suggest that he is of not the slightest consequence, while the adaptor, a well-known playwright who made a successful dramatization, is allotted letters only a trifle more conspicuous. The one person whose name looms so large as to completely overshadow everything and everybody is that of the ACTOR. Evidently he alone is of prime importance. What dolt was it said, "the play's the thing?"



Byron, N. Y. Comte de Maigny (Charles Cartwright) Odette (Nance O'Neil) Huzar (Bruce McRae) Christiane (Julia Dean) Maximilien (Alfred Hickman)
Act II. Maximilien declares that his sister, Christiane, has dishonored herself
SCENE IN "THE LILY," DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, NOW RUNNING AT THE STUYVESANT THEATRE

A New French Drama Expounds a Dangerous Doctrine

IN an overwhelming degree, "The Lily," as presented at the Stuyvesant Theatre, is an achievement that does credit to the splendid capabilities of our stage, the independent resources of which have not in many a day been more strongly emphasized. In view of the charm and the appeal of the present piece, it is of no real concern that MM. Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, the French authors, attempted to expound the dangerous doctrine that a girl, unsuccessful in finding a husband, is justified in resorting to free love. Any piece in which this anarchistic theory were permitted to be discussed would be too unpleasant to have any chance of success with American audiences. But the play, as modified, respects the conventions, and is the better for it. Mr. Belasco, very wisely, did not permit it to remain a problem play. By a slight change, but one that sweeps away altogether an embarrassing ending and permits the audience to retain some sympathy for the heroine, he has made of it a simply human drama which offends no susceptibilities. There is moral trans-

gression in it, but it is treated from the point of view which has always been permissible on the stage of all English-speaking people.

In a recent issue of the *Matin*, M. Gaston Leroux himself explained the title of the piece. "Lilies," he said, "are those unmarried virtuous women, no longer very young, who sadly, heroically, watch themselves growing old. When you go toward them, they sit up, already leaning toward the past. They put on new graces, they smile, they laugh, they are joyous and full of *esprit*. Never would you suspect that behind so much charm their hearts are filled with despair, filled with terror at the thoughts of dying—dying without having lived, dying without having loved. One never hears them complain—they are too modest for that, and if by chance you catch them grieving over their loneliness, you must be a very old friend before they take you into their confidence and let you raise the white veil of their melancholy."

In the present piece, the "lily" is the elder daughter in the household of Comte de Maigny, a French nobleman of decayed fortune, who has lived his own life of pleasure and is not yet through with his intrigues when away from home, but who has guarded his two daughters so closely that the elder one, Odette, is now a plain, wrinkled old maid, who has given her life to the care of her father, her heart in solitude. She had loved and her father had denied her. He is an aristocrat, who will tolerate no attentions to his daughters from inferior persons. He is now pursuing the same course with Christiane, the younger daughter, twenty-five years old, ten years younger than the old maid. The elder sister for the first two acts is but a shadow of wasted hopes, but when in Act III she enters into the action, she becomes a fire that consumes her father, and enfolds her erring sister unharmed. Odette is Nance O'Neil, returned from the cold heights of declamatory tragedy to the real world, where passion speaks to the thing in hand and not in metaphor.

The younger sister, whose suitors are turned away from her by her father, meets and falls in love with an artist who is sojourning in the neighborhood. They meet clandestinely. He is separated from his wife, an unhappy person, who is determined

to make her husband unhappy and who will not consent to a divorce. The girl has found the man her heart craves for. He loves her. Her brother is about to be married to the daughter of a tradesman, whose money is needed to bolster up the fortunes of the Count. The tradesman suddenly makes his appearance at the house and incontinently orders his daughter, who happens to be there, to come with him. An explanation is demanded. He hesitates. He leaves without having been more definite than that. As common as he is, he wants no alliance with a family that has suffered dishonor. The son follows him, and soon returns with information involving his younger sister with the artist. From that moment the inquisition is practiced on her. She denies everything. In a subsequent scene the girl is forced to confess, which she does in soulful defiance and rebellion. Her father, about to strike her, orders her to her room, threatening her with physical punishment. The frightened girl is about to obey when Odette interposes, and, with a queenly gesture, bids her stay:

DE MAIGNY (*astounded*): What!

ODETTE (*calmly*): She is right! She is right!

DE MAIGNY (*furiously*): Have you, too, gone clear out of your senses?

ODETTE (*quietly yet firmly*): No—but I've the right to—



Byron, N. Y.

ACT III. ODETTE VEHEMENTLY DENOUNCES HER FATHER

DE MAIGNY (*beside himself*): Then hold your tongue! Or you'll make me think you'd be ashamed to confess the real reason for your remaining single.

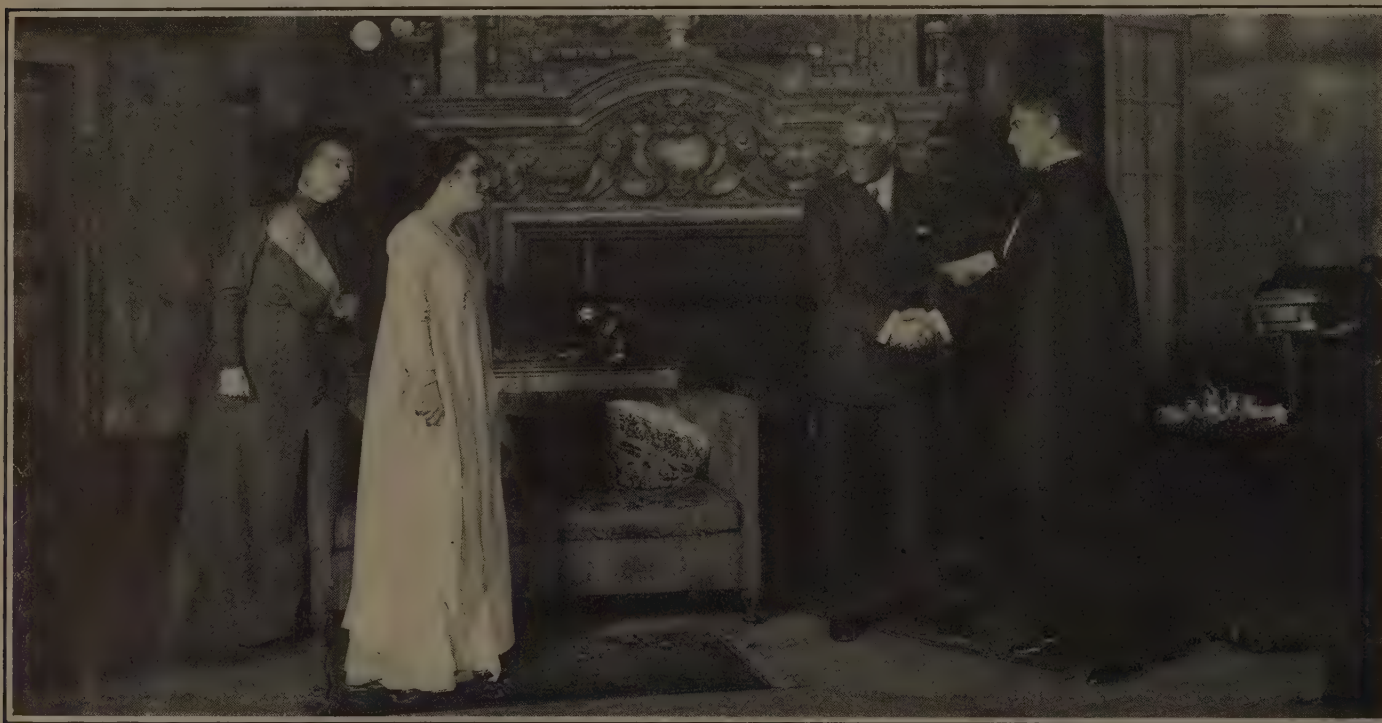
ODETTE (*bitterly*): I've had the courage long enough to hide my unhappiness from you to have the right to tell you now that there's no greater misfortune for a young woman of Christiane's age than to see herself grow old as I've done.

DE MAIGNY (*testily*): Yes—yes—there's a still greater misfortune.

ODETTE (*with growing indignation*): No—you men don't know what it is! You, father, will never know! You've never been younger—gayer—more careless—and carelessness is youth! You've been so preoccupied with your own pleasures that you've hardly had time to notice what we were doing. Yes, I know, sometimes, as you went through the house, you heard us laugh and that sufficed you—the lying echo of the laughter of our young married women friends who brought here a little of their own happiness. You said to yourself: "They are happy." No, father, no—it was the others who were happy! I don't speak to you of my own sufferings, but just think! Side by side with my sorrow I've had that other atrocious grief, seeing my little Christiane grow up only to endure the same misery as myself—the most horrible of all—solitude! One by one she saw all her friends getting married, and at last there remained to her but one hope—

us? Fathers and brothers will never know what virtuous girls, struggling against them in silence, have suffered for them! For we have too much pride to complain, and if to-day it were not necessary for me to defend Christiane I would never have spoken. But can't you see, father, that pride is not everything in life? If it has helped me to be silent it has not consoled me! It has not satisfied my thirst for affection. It has only succeeded in making of me what I am—a pure and for ever unhappy woman! That is the frightful price I had paid for the happiness for one of us, and every woman—all those who have remained virtuous and grown old, and suffered, all those who have wept as I have done, who have not loved so that you men might preserve your honor—will side with her against you! Go, Christiane, go! You're right! Enjoy life! Enjoy love! I release you. You owe them nothing anymore. I have paid your ransom.

.. That all men and all audiences will love this old maid is What Every Man Will Know who sees Odette, as played by Nance O'Neil, in all the ravishing beauty of her spirit. As to Christiane, it is assured in the end that marriage with the artist is only a question of waiting until he gets his divorce. Even if we were inclined to make a reproach of this feature of the play we would



Byron, N. Y.

Nance O'Neil

Julia Dean

George Arnaud (Wm. J. Kelly)

ACT IV. CHRISTIANE TELLS ARNAUD THAT SHE WILL WAIT FOR HIM

DE MAIGNY: It was her duty to wait.

ODETTE (*bitterly*): Her duty to grow old! Look at me, father. You, yourself, have remained young, but I've lost my youth long ago. Look at me! Look at this poor face, pale and drawn, and remember that I, too, was young and pretty once, and yet I shall never know why women and beauty came into the world. Everything in me is faded and extinguished. There remains nothing. Can you wonder that I made her fear for herself? She realized that my fate awaited her.

DE MAIGNY: Your affection for Christiane has turned your head.

ODETTE: No! It's my despair talking now. I don't ask you to pity me, but you've lost the right to punish her. You've forfeited that right. You alone are to blame. She wasn't blind. She has seen enough of your own immoral way of living—your reckless expenditures—our fortune squandered.

DE MAIGNY (*furiously*): Odette!

ODETTE (*calmly*): Yes, squandered! Don't I remember that my poor mother died of grief—and not only on that account! There were other reasons she hid from us, but we guessed the truth. You've taken from life all that it could give you, without asking yourself what would be left for us.

DE MAIGNY (*raging*): Then go with her!

ODETTE (*shaking her head*): I have the right to speak to you like this because I—I remain.

DE MAIGNY (*Sheepishly*): I've made mistakes, I admit, but that doesn't justify you in excusing her, or daring to talk to me like—

ODETTE: I speak like a virtuous woman. Because of you, father, I've had to renounce everything, since I've renounced love, which is the only happiness in life. You hoped that Christiane, too, would consent to make this sacrifice. To you it seemed as simple as mine had appeared natural. For it appeared very natural to you that we should be deprived of all the joys of life while you refused yourself nothing of its pleasures. You couldn't conceive that the idea of imperilling your honor would even occur to us. For it is always *your* honor. It is only *your* honor that counts. (*Contemptuously.*) Your honor! Can't you see that your honor is killing

refrain for the old maid's sake, for the sake of the old maid with music in her voice, with the clear enunciation of words that carries them tingling to the mind and heart, and with all that naturalness of movement and expression that would have made this elder daughter famous on the stage if in her youth she had fled from her exacting father and gone in search of a happiness which he forbade to come to her.

The play is performed with very unusual excellence, something that has become a matter of course in anything produced by Mr. Belasco. Such effects cannot be gained by ordinary stage management. The nicely balanced equations that are obtained, and the spiritual shading that we see, are referable to a deeper penetration than the stage manager ordinarily has. Mr. Cartwright's performance of the old aristocrat may have had some exaggerated touches at times, but the character itself was an exaggeration in life, and, nevertheless, in the emotional domestic scenes this count was wholly human. Miss Julia Dean, as the younger sister, proved worthy of her name, and Alfred Hickman was excellent as the excitable young Frenchman, so jealous of his sister's honor, so careless of his own. The full cast is as follows:

Comte De Maigny.....	Charles Cartwright	Jean	Douglas Patterson
Vicomte Max De Maigny.....	A. Hickman	A Gamekeeper	Robert Robson
Iluzar	Bruce McRae	Odette	Nance O'Neil
Georges Arnaud	Wm. J. Kelly	Christiane	Julia Dean
Bernard	Leo Ditrichstein	Lucio	Florence Nash
Emile Plock	Dodson Mitchell	Suzanne	Ethel Grey Terry
Joseph	Marshall Stuart	Alice	Aileen Flaven

Tracking Shakespeare to His Lair

SHAKESPEARE has been discovered!!! As though it were a noisy newsboy crying "Extra" along the streets, we drop our pet theories regarding this myth of Avon, and hearken to the latest word. How many critics have been suffocated beneath a dense mass of worthless evidence! How many photographers have made composite likenesses of a Shakespeare without a ray of intelligence—a perfect rogues' gallery of portraits! Yet now Shakespeare has indeed been discovered! Was it the Bertillon system that did the trick? No, for the only thumb marks extant are those of the dry-as-dust student who has feasted on the annotated margins of his book! Was it the signature upon the police sergeant's blotter? No, for there is little to gain by studying the varied spellings of Shakespeare's name.

Nothing much has been heard of Shakespeare lately along the Rialto; we thought his ghost was laid. "Antony and Cleopatra" was announced but we were more interested in the New Theatre than in the production. Silence reigned until the cry was renewed: Shakespeare has been discovered! Certainly, was our first thought, Soth-ern and Marlowe are not the discoverers, otherwise his Antony would have been better and her Cleopatra richer. No, it is Frank Harris of London who claims to have tracked Shakespeare to his lair.

He did not have to set his jaw, use a dark lantern, and creep stealthily. He tucked a volume of the plays in the corner of his mind and went his way rejoicing! Nor did we send a photographer to take a flashlight of the discovery. This picture here reproduced is not Shakespeare being carried on the back of his latest detective, but curiously it is an apt illustration of Mr. Harris's method of reaching his evidence. From the popular standpoint it is graphic, but the scholar will be scandalized by its looseness. Harris writes: "We know that he (Shakespeare) used to play Adam in 'As You Like It,' and in the play Orlando has to take Adam up and carry him off the stage, a thing no actor would attempt if the Adam had been a big man. Shake-

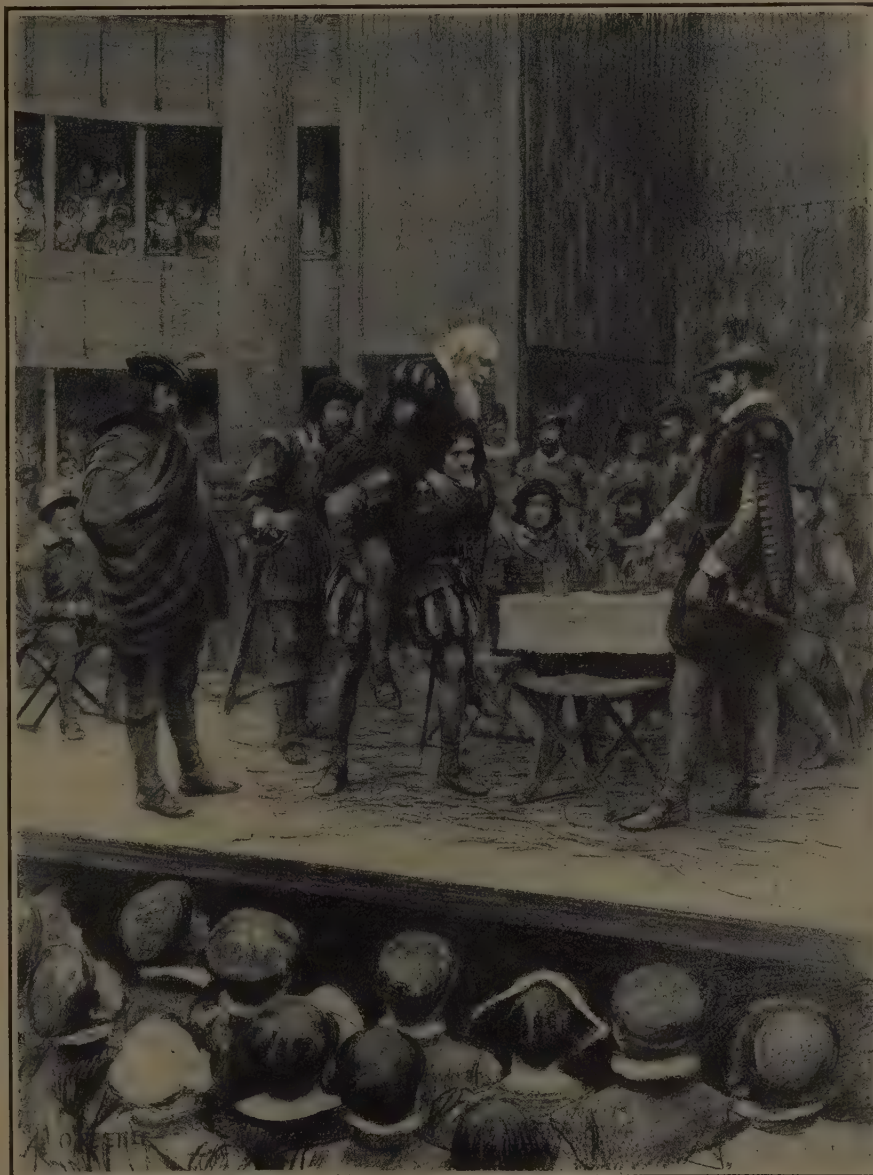
speare was probably of middle height or below it, and podgy. I always picture him to myself as very like Swinburne."

It makes little difference to Mr. Harris what tradition has said and what commentators have believed after coming from beneath their subway of investigation. The only way ever to hope of discovering the true Shakespeare is to make him human again, to allow him variability of temperament, and to drag him from the clouds of idolatry. How many detectives have been led astray by holding to the untruth that Shakespeare's knowledge of the world was due entirely to inspiration! How many crimes are committed in the name of genius! Shakespeare was not a prig, however much Harris, Shaw and the rest of the motley crew send forth the general alarm that he *was* a snob. His soul was not like a star, and it did not dwell apart. If he wrote of passion, it was because he himself was passionate, and we have enough evidence of the beauty and splendour of Mary Fitton, Shakespeare's real love, the dark lady of the sonnets, to understand how deep that passion could be. So here we cry: A clue! A clue! For we would

throw away that pale likeness of Shakespeare, that geometrical figure of the variorum books, and follow the golden threads of his love story. Love was the rift in his armor. Turn to sonnet 142: "Love is my sin!" he cries, and Harris has forthwith put upon his identification pad the statement that wherever in the sonnets he refers to the woman rather than to the man who stole his love away from him, the poetry is "characterized by a terrible veracity of passion." The conventional Shakespeare is not the man in hiding somewhere among the plays.

He who could bemoan a friend lost, even though that friend had but just stolen all that he held dear, was a man of tall genius; he who could cry in the midst of the suffering which comes with crushed pride and wronged trust:

"Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more."



From the Illustrated London News

THE HISTORIC THEATRE CONCERNING WHOSE SITE THERE IS A DISPUTE: SHAKESPEARE, AS ADAM, IS CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF ORLANDO TO THE EXILED DUKE'S TABLE IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN—IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE GLOBE

The above drawing shows a scene from "As You Like It," as presented at the Globe of Shakespeare's day, with Shakespeare himself as Adam, a character there is some evidence to show he played. The original Globe Theatre, which was built in 1599, was burned down in 1613—it is said to have been fired by sparks from a cannon used in one of the productions—and a new structure of the same name took its place. The playhouse was open to the weather, and was only a summer theatre. The winter plays were given in the Blackfriars. In 1614, and until his death, Shakespeare owned one-fourteenth of the Globe and one-seventh of the Blackfriars. Dr. Wallace has estimated that the market value of the Globe in that year was 4,200 pounds, that of the Blackfriars, 2,100 pounds. "In Shakespeare's time," says Charles Hastings in "The Theatre," "the performances probably took place in the afternoon. The entrance to two of the theatres was only one penny; this, however, merely gave right of entrance to the pit, where everyone had to stand. To get into the galleries cost another penny, and a comfortable seat required the outlay of a third." The shape of the Globe Theatre gives point to Shakespeare's lines spoken by Chorus before Act I. of "Henry V.": "Can this cockpit hold the vasty fields of France? or may we cram Within this wooden

O the very casques That did affright the air at Agincourt?"



Otto Sarony Co.

MAUDE RAYMOND

Appearing in support of Max Rogers in "The Young Turk"



White

SELENE JOHNSON

Lately seen at Wallack's Theatre in "The Dollar Mark"



Marceau

NANON JACQUES

Appearing in the musical play "The Young Turk," with Max Rogers

"Shakespeare," writes Harris, "owes the greater part of his renown to Mary Fitton." In literature as in life, would you track your subject to his lair, begin with the woman! The "Two Gentlemen of Verona" is full of the betrayal of Lord Herbert, Shakespeare's supposed friend; so is "Much Ado About Nothing," and most certainly "Twelfth Night," wherein Harris finds what he calls Shakespeare-Orsino acting over again the incidents leading to his loss of the girl with "her high forehead and her scarlet lips." Was not Romeo once in love with a Rosaline, whose eyes were as dark and as glowing as Mary Fitton's?

We like to believe anyway that this trace, this vein of love—as turbulent as operatic love—may be followed in the text of Shakespeare's plays. And the detective who would fathom the sources of this literary passion must likewise bear in mind that Shakespeare's lack of restraint in his intercourse with Ann Hathaway led to his hasty marriage with her, his almost forced union which naturally ended in detestation of her.

Further clues along the horizon! For after the heat of love, and after the keen pang of betrayal, there came "Julius Caesar," the tragedy of disillusion, with Brutus-Shakespeare, and the Hamlet-Shakespeare of revenge and jealousy, and all the other evidences of the conflict that raged between the man in Shakespeare and the artist!

Mr. Harris's advice to every detective who would really track Shakespeare to his lair is that he should read the plays with his heart in his ears, not with his face buried between the pages of his commentaries. It is better to put one's faith in instinct than to arrive unerringly at the Q. E. D. of the specialist's

proposition. Analytical criticism builds a Shakespeare of lines and angles; it does not realize that there is yet to be reached the Shakespeare already existent, and free from the self-conscious impositions placed upon him in Shakespeariana.

We cling to the legends of Shakespeare's life and let the blood of his text, the heartbeats, the flush of love and anger, and the subtle passions go dry. How dull, how deaf we are when we refuse to listen to his own confession, when we fail in many ways to sense his own presence so deeply imbedded in imagery that it takes acute realization to scoop it out. We'd rather sedately and academically accept the scientific recognition that two and two make four than believe that in Falstaff's person is reflected the likeness of some fat acquaintance of the Shakespeare of London.

Perhaps, as a detective, you do not place much store in footprints, which might, you think, be those of Marlow, or Greene, or even of Bacon! Yet what are we to gain by wrecking the text?

Both Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe would have given the New Theatre's production of "Antony and Cleopatra" vigor and even seductive beauty had they realized the trail of Shakespeare's own passion that lay therein.

Harris writes: "Some critics have reproached Shakespeare with the sensualism of 'Romeo and Juliet'; no one, so far as I can remember, has blamed the Sapphic intensity of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' where the lust of the flesh and desire of the eye reign triumphant." Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe played as though they knew nothing of Mary Fitton.

Were it possible to discover indisputable evidences as to who Shakespeare really was, it would make very little difference in our



Otto Sarony Co.

MAY MACKENZIE

Who is appearing in "Miss Molly May." She was recently seen in "The Revellers"



M. DALMORES AS LOHENGRIN
Photo copyright Mishkin

conception of Shakespeare, for he is as indelibly impressed upon his plays as the outlines of an antediluvian monster on the surface of some prehistoric rock. Anyone who goes systematically about it may build up Shakespeare bone by bone, becoming in this way a veritable Cuvier of literature. With our lancets we may cut into "Hamlet," into "Romeo and Juliet," into "Macbeth," and discover the fundamental structure of his being, the tone and color of his philosophy; and over the contour thus reached we may spread the atmosphere of his excellent good humor. This is the method by which one may hope to humanize Shakespeare.

of the man, though it does indicate the measure of the artist. His repetitions in play after play, his unconscious musings are done when he is off guard. Take the temperature of the sonnets, and you will find similar fever spots in many of his dramas. Take his characters with negative qualities, and from them you will be able to judge his definite attitude in life toward the mean, the low, the vulgar in men's natures. If we catch glimpses of the snob we must remember that his age was one of patronage, and that apart from the common failing of the time, Marlow found him "gentle."

Society has spent much energy in trying to piece together cut-up



Photo Byron, N. Y.

General Sinclair (William McVay)

Archdeacon Bonnington (E. M. Holland)

Ann Sinclair (Leah Bateman-Hunter)

Act II. Ann Sinclair: "Look at the General. He can scarcely contain his fury"

SCENE IN "DON," COMEDY BY RUDOLF BESIER, RECENTLY SEEN AT THE NEW THEATRE

Another clue! Frank Harris is the artist painting Shakespeare's portrait. He points to his palette, and claims that Shakespeare has already mixed the colors for him. Examine this palette and you have more evidence than the average scholastic detective could ever think of gathering. In painting character, Harris asserts that Shakespeare simply varied Hamlet; the Prince of Denmark is Romeo grown older. The latter, even though drunk with the beauty of Juliet, falls into abstract reasoning; Romeo-Shakespeare takes time, beneath the balcony, to philosophize! In the melancholy Jacques of "As You Like It," do we not see the outlines of Hamlet, the student? Even Macbeth, his ambition pushed to the verge, falls into the thinker, reflecting Hamlet's "Now I might do it pat." This constant iteration is not the artist Shakespeare but the general mental inclination of the man.

Hence, we believe Harris is right when he claims that "the slight shades of difference between Macbeth and Hamlet only strengthen our contention that both are portraits of the poet; for the differences are manifestly changes in the same character, and changes due merely to age."

It is not Shakespeare's infinite variety that becomes the measure

puzzles—here a boot, there a cap, and somewhere else part of an expression. Wherever a man is lost in traditional haze, there one is certain to find a field for creative thought. The actor should blaze his trail through the text of Shakespeare. Yet the average player would hardly understand the vital significance in Mr. Harris's assertion that in Hamlet the poet has discovered too much of himself, and that in Orsino he has sketched for us his "easiest and most natural portrait."

Another literary Pinkerton will arrive some day and give us a new canvas, and one just as vivid as Mr. Harris's. We would not "fix" Shakespeare if we could. The great joy about a portrait is that the eyes follow you step by step and do not stare into space, the lips half-parted seem to tremble, and the flesh tints almost pulse with life. A portrait is not an impress but an impression.

Every actor should become a detective, and should join in tracking Shakespeare to his lair. And he should go about it creatively. The artist who drew the picture of Shakespeare as Adam here reproduced, does as much as scholarship to fetch us the very breath and spirit of the time, without any of the dust of ages.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



Photo Byron

PAINTING THE CANVAS CYCLORAMA DROP USED AT THE NEW THEATRE

This is the largest ever constructed, and was painted in the Twelfth Regiment Armory, New York. The canvas for this enormous sheet, which is 200x117 feet, was imported from England and required the services of twenty-one expert scene painters

Where Dream-Worlds Become Pseudo Realities

WHEN the manager of the Globe Theatre in good Queen Bess's day accepted the manuscript of a new play, the scenic artist was the last person consulted. And his share in the performance was of about as much value as the proverbial center of a doughnut. It was of no concern to the scene painter whether the text of the play called for a throne-room, a forest, a mountainous pass, a battlefield, or a shipwreck. For, thanks to the flexible imagination of the accommodating Elizabethan audience, his task was simplicity itself. He merely hung loose curtains from a raised platform at the rear of the stage, through which the actors entered. And the platform would serve with equal facility, and no alteration, as the citadel of a besieged city or the balcony from which Juliet addressed Romeo. All he required as implements of his craft was a pot of paint, a brush and a few signboards; while the only skill exacted of him was legible lettering. Occasionally, however, he attempted to stimulate the imaginative faculty of the audience by supplementing the placards with crudely contrived properties such as rocks, tombs, caves, trees, tables, chairs, and paste-board dishes of food. And this setting was accepted as adequate for the presentation of the most imaginative dramas the world has known; thus, Shakespeare was produced and received with enthusiasm.

How the Elizabethan theatregoer would rub his eyes and gape in speechless astonishment were he privileged to witness a modern production of the stage! What a striking contrast is afforded between the severe simplicity with which the Merchant of Venice

first trod the boards and the sumptuous realism amid which the late Sir Henry Irving portrayed the Jew. It would be a curious piece of information to know with what emotions a sixteenth century patron of the drama would have viewed Irving's opening scene of a street in Venice, with its substantial bridge arching the canal and across which citizens of the Adriatic city passed to and fro against a background of realistic looking palaces that receded with true perspective into the distance. Or, more startling, with what qualms of wonder would he stare at eight horses abreast dashing chariots around a Roman Coliseum, as in "Ben Hur." Surely, scenic realism and the scenic artist have outstrided the fabulous seven league boots during the three centuries separating these extremes.

The scene painter of to-day is quite a different character from his Elizabethan progenitor. He is, first of all, an intelligent artist, trained by a long, general schooling in the most famous academies; his pictures may hang in the most important current exhibitions, winning honors in the realm of

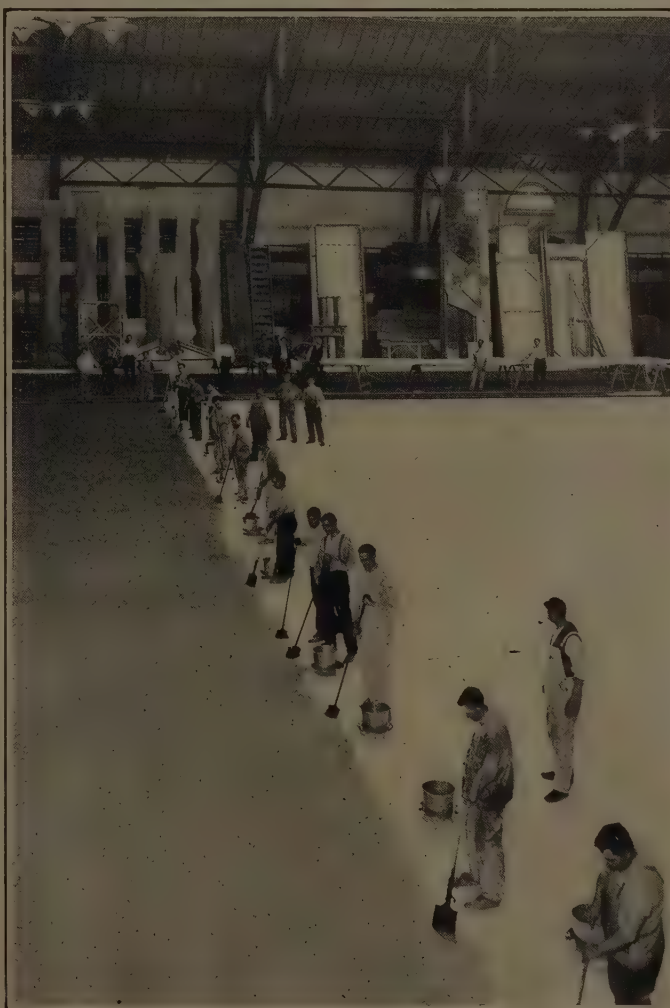


Photo Byron

A CLOSER VIEW OF THE METHOD OF WORK

art for art's sake. While the importance of his work is such that he must enter into the spirit of the play with as much sympathy as the actor and a larger conception of the entire effect desired, he joins hands with the latter and the author in creating the *tout ensemble* impression of the piece, and more of its success than is generally credited depends upon his ability.

The modern scenic artist is a curious conglomerate, bringing to his work a smattering of many arts and sciences, as well as rare mechanical ingenuity. He is something of an architect, for his houses must be plausible and his knowledge of perspective faultless; he is something of a botanist, that his vegetation may not appear false to its locality; he is no mean student of history, for he must be able to create any period; and most important, he has to be an *artist*, with an innate sense of color harmony, a natural appreciation of effects, a feeling for composition on a large scale, and possessing a gift of imagination.

With the studio sanctum closed to it, the theatregoing public is not privileged to see the interesting processes of the scene painter's work of fashioning these dream worlds which delight it, grown up child that it is, and which presently are ruthlessly demolished when the public cries for something new, something different. Wonderful men, these, who can take the merest fragment of a dream in some poet's mind and change the few words upon a piece of paper into a pseudo reality!

As one enters the studio, usually a big barnlike structure, gloomy and mysterious, there is no suggestion that here are created the beautiful forest of Arden, the sylvan glades where Titania holds magic sway, or the sumptuous palaces of Mantua. All about are long rolls of canvas scattered on the floor. A narrow winding stairs lead to long, narrow bridges suspended far overhead, and which are jocosely referred to as "bridges of size," where stretch long, narrow tables covered with rows upon rows of pots containing gaily colored mineral paint mixed with glue-water and known as "size."

There the scene painters, in overalls or long coats, ply broad brushes in broad strokes to vast, brilliantly colored canvases. The windlasses churn and the pulleys creak as the huge frames, upon which the canvases are stretched, are lowered or raised to facilitate work. And the air is redolent of the smell of paint so characteristic of the scene loft.

But how is the work done?

First of all, the manuscript is read to catch the spirit and atmosphere, very much as an illustrator reads a story over and over. For the scenic artist strives to attain a higher ideal than merely to hold the mirror up to nature. To-day, scenery, in its most



Otto Sarony Co.

ELSIE SNOWDEN

Recently seen in "The Silver Star"

artistic conception, does not form a background only for the actors. It is part and parcel of the predominating sentiment in the play; it attempts to convey by color, tonality, and composition the abstract essence, as it were, of the effect that the "lines" and action seek to produce. Aside from the pictorial element there rises the problem of securing the due proportion which must exist between emotion and circumstance. The one must be in the inverse ratio of the other. The stronger the emotion to be portrayed the less elaborate must be the decoration, and vice versa. This is but one of the many æsthetic problems which have entered into this interesting profession during the last few years, elevating it to a plane of art for art's sake. And hence it will be seen that it is imperative for the scenic artist to possess a subtle appreciation of the dramatic instinct.

For instance, if a scene represent the home of a multimillionaire, an exact reproduction is made of a room appropriate to this society. Furthermore, it will carefully reflect the character of the man. If it be the house of a parvenu the furnishings will be of the coarsest luxury, while the home of a man of culture will be denoted by books, family portraits and other heirlooms. Again, the leading rôle may be that of an adventuress, and the surroundings will echo the color scheme of her costumes of lusty russets, passionate reds, and rich contrasting blacks. On the other hand, should the heroine be a devoted young wife, the scenery will effect delicate pinks and dove grays, as these suggest a chaste warmth.

With a more or less meagre conception of the fundamental requirements—perhaps as simple as a house on the left, a large tree on the right, or like Richard Mansfield's directions, be only a few scarcely legible lines, which to the layman would be an enigma—the artist sets about to gather his material. He resorts to the library attached to the studio. Books and photographs are constantly being acquired: they are carefully catalogued in chronological,

historical, and architectural sequence, ranging from early Egyptian, through Greek, Roman, Renaissance, Gothic, Colonial, and so on to modern days. Should the play be of an historical character, much research may be necessary, for absolute accuracy is essential. The public grows more exacting each ensuing season, and nothing pays like the genuine, pecuniarily as well as artistically. In addition true atmosphere inspires the actor. It places him in closer proximity to his character and exerts the influence of environment.

After the material has been assimilated, small water-color sketches, in flat, are made. Then miniature models are constructed



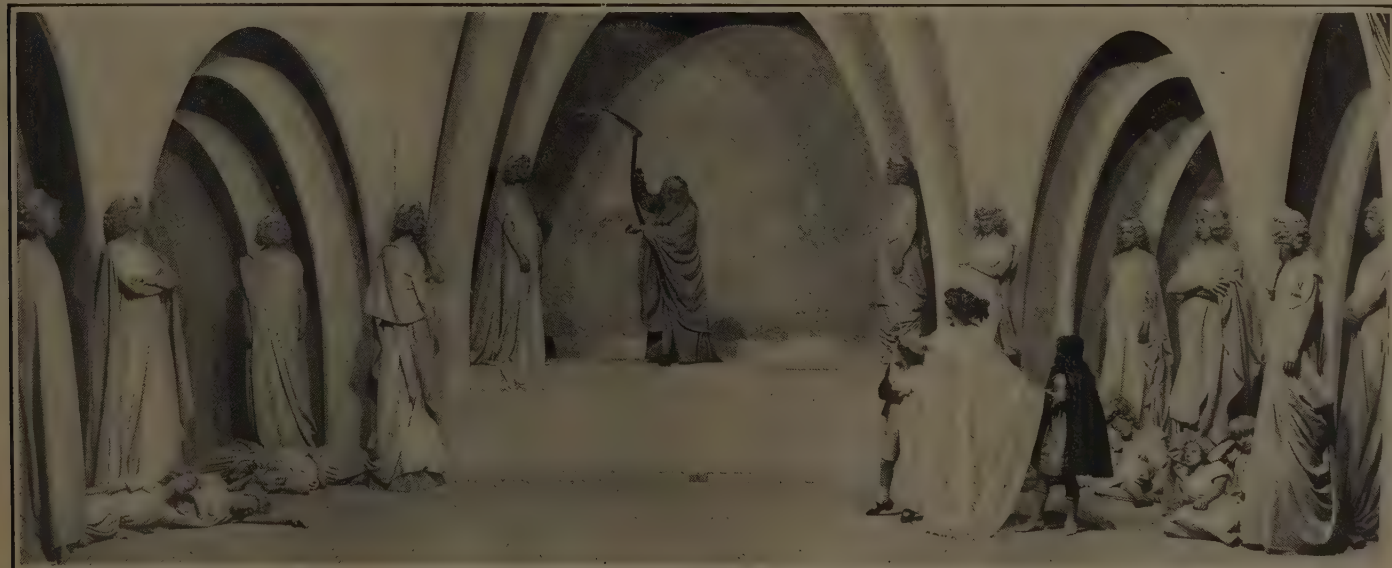
THE SCENE IN THE FOREST

In their quest after the Blue Bird the two children, Tytyl and Mytyl, are taken to the forest, believing that the oak, father of all the trees, holds possession of the much-coveted treasure. But man, according to M. Maeterlinck, is at war with all creation, and thus in going to the forest the children are running into deadly perils. They escape, however, and arrive at length in the Kingdom of the Past



THE HALL OF DEATH: AN EXQUISITE SCENE

Here are seen the graves of the great departed, and the ground is strewn with dead leaves. Suddenly, however, at midnight a wonderful thing happens. The scene is suddenly changed into a bower of flowers where wonderful lilies arise and lift their heads proudly to the sky. "Where are the dead?" asks Mytyl. "There are no dead," her little brother replies. The scene is one of exquisite beauty



Dover Street Studios

THE KINGDOM OF THE FUTURE WHERE TIME STANDS SENTINEL

The Kingdom of the Future does not help the children greatly to discover the longed-for Blue Bird. This is the Kingdom which the countless unborn children inhabit. It is a kingdom of children awaiting the hour when they shall be despatched to earth to take their allotted place. Here Time stands like a sentinel at the gates, but at the appointed hour these are thrown open and there appears a gorgeous ship which bears the little ones to the world below

Scenes in Maurice Maeterlinck's Fantastic Spectacular Play, "Blue Bird," which Will Be Seen Shortly at the New Theatre

in paste-board to the half-inch scale, being exact originals of the final results even to the lighting. These models would send the average child into ecstasy, so admirably are the tiny stages set; lilliputian chairs and tables are built if the scene requires such furniture. Next the manager passes judgment upon the models. Change upon change may be necessary before the models are satisfactory. Frequently the cost of the models alone will amount into hundreds of dollars.

And now the stage carpenter is called in. He is the builder, and after consulting the models gives his estimate for his share of the work. He cuts the canvases into the desired shapes, mounts them upon durable stretchers, precisely duplicating the models, and delivers the unpainted pieces to the scenic artist. The carpenter devises all the mechanical effects, and also methods for economically packing the outfit in railroad cars for traveling. When one considers the cost of transportation, twenty-five cents per mile for each baggage car, his ingenuity will mean a big saving to the management during a season.

In the meantime large charcoal drawings of the size of the final scene have been made of all the detail on huge sheets of manila paper. These are now traced upon the canvases. Then the painter dips his broadest brushes into the pots of paint and begins to lay in the big masses. Usually an assistant does this preparatory work, the artist confining himself to the finishing touches. Not only does the artist think of the local, or natural, color of the subject-matter, but he also takes into consideration the effect of the artificial light under which it will be seen. This has a tendency to gray down the values. He must avoid powerful green, which becomes coarse, strong blues which have a blackish hue, and reinforce the yellows which are robbed of their strength. In addition he keeps his mind projected back to the distance from which



Moffett, Chicago

OTIS SKINNER

This distinguished actor is now appearing at the Garrick Theatre in "Your Humble Servant," a comedy by Booth Tarkington

the scene will be viewed by the audience. Consequently, at close range the canvas seems merely a mass of crude, almost meaningless splashes of color. When the painting is completed, the manager again passes critical judgment, but the artist's work is not yet at an end.

The best scene can be ruined by injudicious lighting; for illumination is the last and most important touch to the picture—its very life. This was Henry Irving's forte. No one knew better than he how to light a scene, veiling its defects and enhancing its merits. David Belasco, too, is an artist in this respect. If it be a love scene he will employ such colors as woo the senses, fascinate the eye and make the heart throb. Shakespeare placed his scene between Romeo and Juliet on the balcony in the soft, romantic rays of the moon. For comedy, however, everything must be cheerful and bright.

Then all parts of the house have to be equally well pleased. This problem alone

has greatly assisted in revolutionizing the arrangement of scenes. Now, three subjects have to be welded together—right, left and center. In addition the painting and modelling, or, in other words, the scenery on flat surfaces and that built out in relief for realistic effect, must so meet in color gradation that one cannot say at a distance where the one ends and the other begins. After much weary work of running about between the stage and the front of the house, experimenting, an agreeable and telling effect is at length arrived at, and the scene painter's work is through.

But what a pity that the results of all his efforts and talent should be so ephemeral! No matter what thought he brings to bear upon a scene, the artist may have his finest work primed out in a few weeks if the play is not a financial success. Such was the fate of the masterpiece designed for "Sappho and Phaon," produced by Harrison Grey Fiske for two weeks, as well as numerous other productions. Even should the play prove a "hit," a few seasons hence it will be relegated to



White

CHARLOTTE WALKER

Who is now being starred in a new play called "Just a Wife," by Eugene Walter, under the management of David Belasco

Sarony

GLADYS HANSON

Appearing with Kyrle Bellew as Dorothy in "The Builder of Bridges," recently seen at the Hudson Theatre

the dust of the storehouse. In advertising his wares the press agent is prone to exaggerate the cost of the scenery, but, nevertheless, this is usually the largest item of expense. "Sapho and Phaon" cost Fiske \$36,000 to indulge an ultra-artistic ideal, the majority of which was squandered on the one scene of the play. The sketches, alone, for this setting required three months' labor. Ordinarily the prices run on a sliding scale of from \$100 for a plain stock piece of a prescribed number of square feet to \$2,400 per set. Some artists will not undertake a job for less than \$500. The cost of a stage room is often as much as for building a real one. While an entire production will frequently total from \$10,000 to \$20,000, and occasionally as high as \$50,000 or even \$100,000. Most of this is spent on the scenic effects. A few years ago the artist shared risks with the manager, but now he contracts for his work, taking no chances.

From fifteen to twenty men are employed in the large studios, where the salaries range from \$100 per week down to \$10. The busiest season extends from May to January, when work is often carried on day and night. During the rush season the artists and assistants often increase their income fifty per cent. for overtime. Each artist is a specialist; one will paint exteriors, another will devote himself to figures and drapery, a third will find his forte in architecture, while one will paint trees exclusively, and so on. The day of the general

scene painter is past. Usually about six first-class artists are employed in the larger studios, the rest being assistants such as "liners," paint-boys, and general helpers, who are, nevertheless, competent and experienced in their respective spheres. No beginners can be tolerated, for the paint bridge is no place to correct mistakes—time is too valuable.

With the scene painter a thing is not done when it is finished, but when it is wanted. The time required to complete a set will vary, of course, with the subject-matter. While one elaborate scene may require many weeks, five large sets can be painted in eight days. Generally speaking, interiors with much detail demand two weeks with from six to eight men employed; exteriors take a week with two men, although some exterior pieces can be

finished in a day if necessary. Architecture must needs be carefully executed, while landscapes can be laid in broadly and quickly.

When one reflects that even a quarter of a century ago such thoroughness in regard to every detail, such concentrated effort and focusing of a score of specifically trained minds and skilled hands upon the production of a single play was not dreamed of,

the improvement is amazing. Even the most casual spectator must have observed the startling realism developed during the last decade.

But twenty-five years ago the scene painter was scarcely above the station of the gasman or the stock actor in the greenroom society. He had been apprenticed to his trade as a boy and worked up from a humble brush washer. He was an attaché of the theatre, usually working in the loft, high above the stage. When a large "drop" was required he spread the canvas on the stage, between rehearsals and performances, and painted standing up with long handle brushes which reached to the floor. Endurance was his chief stock in trade, for the phenomenally long runs characteristic of to-day were unknown then. As a rule the stock companies in vogue during those days changed bills weekly, so that the scene painter was working under rush orders constantly. Historical accuracy and atmospheric effects were the last things he would ever think of. As a result the veriest make-shifts were



Hall -
HELEN LOWELL AND CYRIL SCOTT IN "THE LOTTERY MAN" AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

accepted as quite sufficient for the gullible public. "Faking" was rampant. A cornfield of the Middle West might be pressed into service as a background for the platform before the Castle of Elsinore, leaving it to the gasman to effect the deception.

The standard of accuracy maintained to-day, however, is illustrated by the following incident: In a certain production of a few seasons ago, a library of the French Renaissance style was included. Shortly after the opening performance, the artists were approached by a prominent New York architect, who sought permission to duplicate the library in the residence of a patron desiring such a room, for it was absolutely correct in every detail. Then, as an example of the artistic ideal clasping hands with this

(Continued on page vi)

Every now and again in Broadway productions some member of the cast hitherto unknown to fame makes a distinct individual hit. It may be only a bit, a small part which no one, not even the manager or author, expected would be noticed, and it was perhaps entrusted to a novice. Yet there is something in the way it is acted, a certain magnetism in the player that makes

The Stars of To-morrow

the audience instantly sit up and ask, "Who is she?" Many stars now heading their own companies laid the cornerstone of their popularity in this way. The THEATRE MAGAZINE will present each month, under this heading, brief personal sketches and portraits of those younger actresses and actors whose talents have won for them recognition on the current metropolitan stage

MARY RYAN had compassed three minutes of her scene with her impecunious inventor father in "The Fortune Hunter," when old seers of the stage said: "That girl will play great emotional rôles." They saw that she had a singularly mobile face, with eyes like large forget-me-nots easily

moistened with the dew of tears, that her figure though small was most pliant, that her girlish arms and small hands tapered to the point demanded by artistic standards, and that always denotes exceeding sensitiveness. And they noted her voice, deep, sweet, wistful, dropping now and then into a note of passion. They saw how delicately she shaded her work, how pathos veiled a smile and how comedy scattered the mist of tears. Miss Ryan walked the usual long, hard way before reluctant Broadway took her to its heart. Her earliest recollection is of being one of sixteen little trousered soldiers in a Kiralfy extravaganza. Then she

MARY RYAN

worked in a stock company in Rochester at twenty dollars a week and bought, or rather contrived, from a shabby old wardrobe, her costumes. She joined a repertoire company that played the hard New England circuit, receiving thirty dollars a week and supporting two sisters and a brother on it. "But I didn't mind it," the Mary Ryan of to-day says of that other Mary Ryan; "it was fun." Yet perhaps that struggle to keep "the four of us" together accounts for the habitual pensiveness of her face, the poignant sweetness of her voice. But her school and her commissary department in one were her five stock years in Chicago. She became almost as much of an institution as the Dearborn Stock Company itself. Indeed, she survived it.

EDITH BRADFORD, the sprightly Mascha of "The Chocolate Soldier," suggested to more than one tinkerer and several masters of the trade of musical comedy that here was a personality about which a comic opera might revolve. She has a mezzo-soprano voice, which she brings from that State which has grown the voices of Lillian Nordica and of Emma Eames—Maine. She was born in Bangor, but that didn't prevent her becoming a natural dancer. Natural, indeed; for aside from a few stolen lessons at dancing school when

she was a child she has never had any instruction in the art of the light and agile toe. As was meet for a New England girl, she made her début with the Bostonians. She succeeded the late Jessie Bartlett Davis as Alan-a-Dale in "Robin Hood," after which she sang in "Rob Roy," "The Serenade," "The Viceroy," and other operas, the rest of the Bostonians' repertoire. She played a boy part in "The Monks of Malabar" with Francis Wilson, and thereafter had parts in "My Antoinette," "The Burgomaster" and "Morocco Bound." Five years ago Miss Bradford married Charles Meakin of Hamilton, Ontario. She left the stage, as she believed for all time, but a nearly unprecedented event followed. In three years

she returned to the stage, bringing her husband, a choir singer, with her. Mr. Meakin is the Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow." Since her return to the stage Miss Bradford has sung in "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," "The Girl and the Governor" and prima donna rôles, with the Aborn Opera Company.

DE WITT JENNINGS, who plays Sir Henry Killick in "The Builder of Bridges," has "personality." He has more of it than any other actor. Mr. Jennings plays his parts forte, and is chosen for forte parts. He did not arrive at the professional stage by way of amateur theatricals, but began the era of self-support as a dramatic critic on the then Mormon newspaper, the *Salt Lake City Herald*. He began with the same Utah manager who put Maude Adams on the stage, the veteran John S. Lindsay. This touring of the Northwestern States was followed by a season with James O'Neill. His third season was as a member of the Daly company. A few will remember a raucous-voiced young man who played a terrorizing villain in "The Great Ruby." This was De Witt Jennings. For eight years he was a member of organizations in Baltimore, Richmond, Atlanta, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Toronto, Brooklyn and Los Angeles. Following this long term at hard labor he created the part of the old negro Nelse in the New York production of "The Clansman." He played Soul in Edwin Milton Royle's "The Struggle Everlasting." Next season he was the General Harding in "The Warrens of Virginia." His next rôle was that of the factor in "The Call of the North" with Robert Edeson.

JANET BEECHER, who has made a hit in "The Lottery Man," aspired to become a portrait painter. She was only twelve years old when her painting attracted Bouguereau's attention in Paris. When later the child's family came back to America, it became necessary for the girl to turn her talent to account. She tried interior decoration and illustrating, but was not successful. Opportunity, sought rather than found, to go upon the stage was welcomed. She walked on and off in several productions. Her first speaking part was as one of the Gibson girls, the sisters in "The Education of Mr. Pipp." She

appeared next in "The Heir to the Hoorah." A summer was spent in playing leads in a stock company in Milwaukee. It was her strong characterization of the Swedish maid servant in "The Bachelor" that challenged public attention and made the careless observe that Janet Beecher was not merely a beautiful woman but a clever actress. A leading part of "John's Wife" in the short-lived "The Intruder" convinced W. A. Brady that here were qualities of naturalness, of beauty, of diction and intelligence that deserved exaltation to stardom.

ERNEST STALLARD's work as the taciturn clerk in "The Builder of Bridges" won instantly favorable attention. It was twelve years ago that Mr. Stallard accepted two pounds a week to play an Italian villain in an English provincial company. He was then a member of the London Stock Exchange, and he retained his membership for three years after his début as an actor. In 1900 he came to this country with E. S. Willard and remained with him for six years, playing Jesse Pegg in "The Middleman," Chiry in "David Garrick," Mark Tapley in "Tom Pinch" and Henders in "The Professor's Love Story." He played Lord Crackenthorpe in "All of a Sudden Peggy," and last season Capt. Finch in "An Englishman's Home."

EDITH BRADFORD

JANET BEECHER

ERNEST STALLARD

DE WITT JENNINGS



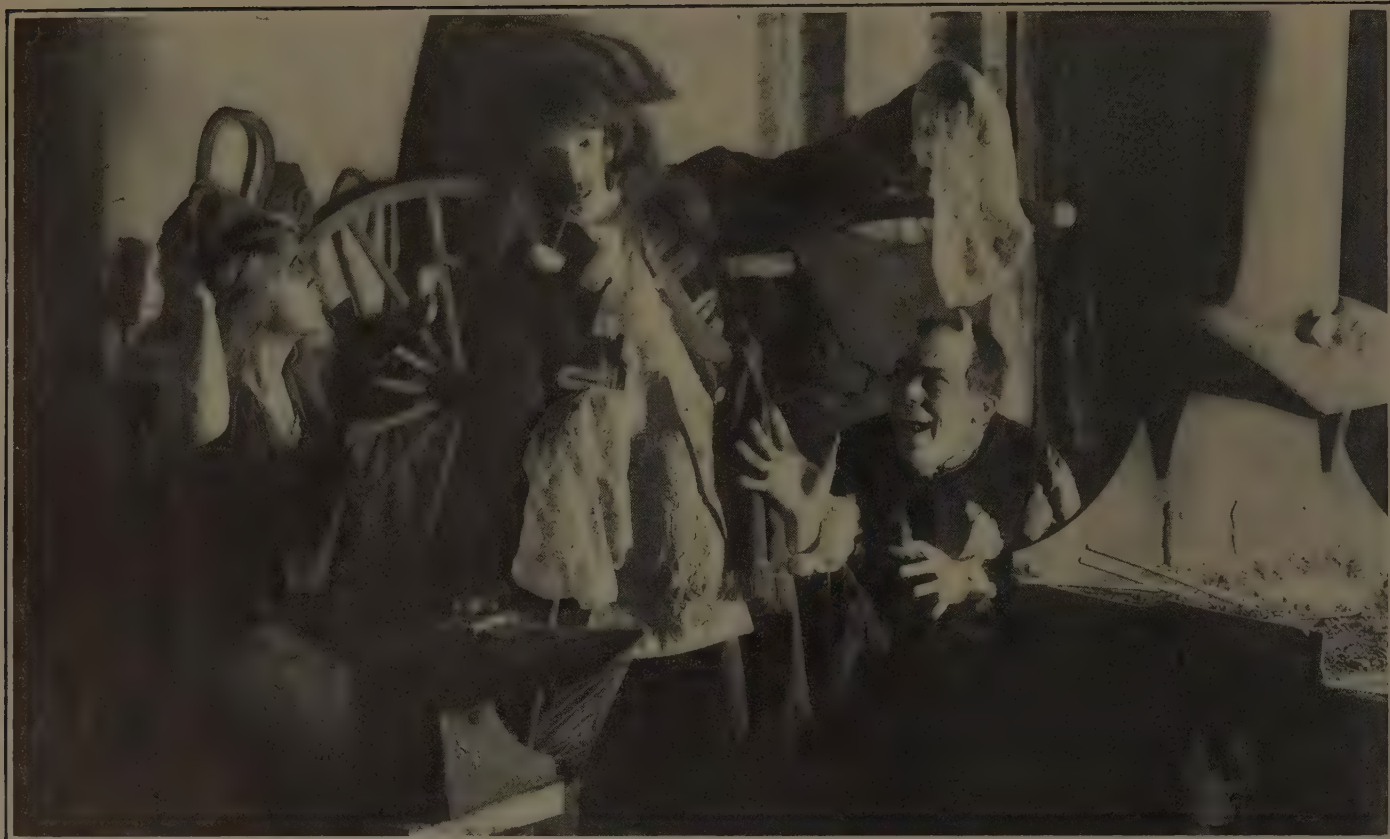
Hall

George Rand (Walter Hampden)

Hannock (Tully Marshall)

Act II. Hannock, crazed with morphine, pleads to be allowed to shoot himself

PRINCIPAL SCENE IN CLYDE FITCH'S LAST PLAY, "THE CITY," NOW RUNNING AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, NEW YORK



Notman, Boston

"The Metamorphosis of the Scarecrow"

HARVARD BOYS IN "THE SCARECROW" WHICH HENRY B. HARRIS HAS SECURED FOR EDGAR SELWYN

Percy MacKaye's Fantastic Play "The Scarecrow"

THE first performance of Percy MacKaye's fantastic play, "The Scarecrow," which Henry B. Harris has secured for

Edgar Selwyn, was given recently at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, by the Harvard Dramatic Club. As the première of a finely conceived play, which presents many difficulties in staging, the production was a remarkable amateur achievement. Two other well-known actors had seriously considered the play for professional production, but the unusual demands made by the principal rôle, Lord Ravensbane, discouraged them.

Mr. Harris witnessed the play at its first Cambridge performance and suggested it to Mr. Selwyn, who later saw a performance and expressed himself as satisfied with the part. Before the end of the week the rights had been sold to Mr. Harris.

Mr. MacKaye's play is described as "A Tragedy of the Ludicrous." Lord Ravensbane, a metamorphosed scarecrow, his manners of velvet and his brains of straw, goes out among men, having been "created on his twenty-first birthday," in the blacksmith shop of the witch, Goody Rickby, his "hypothetical mother." His hypothetical father is Goody Rickby's chief assistant in her sorceries, Dickon, a "poor cosmopolitan devil," who is "trying very hard to be a native American product." Under the tutelage of Dickon the metamorphosed scarecrow makes a conquest of the heart of a colonial maiden, Rachel Merton. Soon Lord Ravensbane is revealed, to himself as well as to the others, as a scarecrow, who will continue to live only so long as he keeps smoking his pipe, whose smoke is "the life and breath of him." But the scarecrow now

longs to be a man, for the sake of Rachel. Knowing that to achieve this he must make some great sacrifice for her, he breaks his pipe in pieces and dies, but not before the glass of truth has told him that he is now a man.

The chief peculiarity of the part lies in the double reading of its lines—the fatuous inanity of the scarecrow and the polished suavity of the court dandy. In the first act, amid the flames and alchemic accompaniments of the witch's shop, the scarecrow is put together and then turned into a man. Gradually from a mechanical puppet he changes into a courtier, and later in the play from the superficial, shallow fop, whom he symbolizes, into a man who suffers and finally conquers. In all the lines and situations given to Ravensbane the double character and broad transition are to be observed.

Percy MacKaye, author of "The Scarecrow," is a son of the late Steele MacKaye, well known as actor, manager and playwright. He graduated from Harvard ten years ago, and has written several plays, including "The Canterbury Pilgrims," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Sappho and Phaon," "Mater," "Fenris, the Wolf," etc. James K. Hackett seriously considered the production of "The Scarecrow" at one time, and was about to produce it, when delays in the productions of other plays caused the contract to lapse.

The Harvard Dramatic Club claims to be the only college dramatic club in the country which produces only plays by undergraduates or recent graduates. Its first president was Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell."

H. K. M.



White, N. Y.

EDGAR SELWYN



MISS MARY GARDEN
As Marguerite in "Faust"
Photograph copyright Mishkin



Photo Fischer, St. Petersburg



LINA CAVALIERI



Copyright Davis & Eickemeyer

Cavalieri Talks of Her Operatic Ambitions

"OH, how chilly it is! I'm quite frozen," exclaimed Cavalieri with a little shiver as she threw off her magnificent chinchilla wrap.

"You cold?" exclaimed her visitor in astonishment. "You who with impunity can run about a draughty stage clad only in Salome's scanty draperies?"

"Oh, that's different!" said the prima donna with a petulant smile. "I'm acting, then. I'm so animated and stimulated, so absorbed in my work that I'm not conscious of cold or anything else physical."

It was a few days before Christmas, and the singer had just come in from a shopping tour. She received the writer in her apartment at the Ansonia, which had a distinctly homelike appearance. The drawing-room was so bright with flowers and photographs, with little personal knickknacks scattered about, that it lost the cold appearance of a hotel. Cavalieri wore a simple walking costume of black velvet, clearing the ground, and a small black hat with a curved brim exactly suiting her. The only ornament was her famous string of magnificent pearls which reached to her waist.

The prima donna has acquired a good command of English since she first came among us a few seasons ago. She is equally at home in either French or her native Italian. It was in the latter tongue that we conversed.

The story of Lina Cavalieri's career has often been told. She was working as a factory girl in Rome when a local music hall manager, attracted by her extraordinary beauty, offered her ten cents a night to sing at his place. There she met Leoncavallo, who gave her singing lessons and fired her with ambition to enter the grand opera field. But there were many difficulties in the way, and for some years she remained on the music hall stage appearing as a rival attraction to Otero, who was then fascinating Paris with Spanish songs and dances. Cavalieri danced the Tarantella and soon had an enormous following. But her success did not satisfy her. She had not forgotten her desire to be an opera singer. While dancing she kept up her singing lessons, and a few years later made a successful debut in grand opera at Monte Carlo. Operatic engagements in Paris and London followed, and

this naturally brought her to America. All that is past history. It was of her ambitions, her ultimate aims, that we tried to induce her to talk.

"Ambitions? Of course I have them," she laughed, "all artists have, too many of them for our own peace of mind."

"But have you any special rôles, rôles which you have never yet sung, but which it is your ambition to sing one day?"

"No, I think not," she smiled.

She admitted that she had already accomplished one of these ambitions when she sang *Carmen* for the first time in New York this season. And on the subject of this rôle the prima donna grew eloquent.

"I see no reason why people should insist that *Carmen* be sung by a mezzò soprano or contralto," she said. "If one will take the trouble to glance over the score he will see that the portions of the opera which these voices usually sing in heavy tones are in reality written *parlando*, and that there is not one *forte* in the score, all *piano*. The card scene naturally gains in dramatic effect when sung by a heavy voice, with rich, deep tones, but on the other hand, there is much of the music which is better adapted to the lighter voice of a soprano. Take the *Seguidilla*, for instance, and much of the music of the second act. A heavy voice cannot give it the lightness demanded by the nature of the music. It is also strange that the most successful *Carmens* of history have always been sopranos, never mezzos or contraltos. Take Galli-Marié, for instance, for whom the rôle was written, a soprano. The most successful Italian *Carmen*, Borghi Mammo is a soprano."

"You are fond of the rôle?"

"Of course I am. There are such dramatic opportunities in it. I love the dramatic rôles above all others. *Manon* by Puccini, for instance. And that is not an easy rôle to sing. The second act is very difficult, and demands great powers of resistance."

All the critics this season have noted the improvement in Cavalieri's singing. Was this due to study during the past summer? The singer smiled.

"No, I worked very little during the summer, I rested. I only saw Jean de Reszké in passing through Paris, I did not work with him. But I study all the time, and very hard, in order to

improve. At present, and since last spring, I have been working with Victor Maurel. He is a wonderful teacher. I study all my rôles with him. He and Jean de Reszké are both great teachers, and yet absolutely different."

"In what does the difference consist?"

"That would be hard to explain. Perhaps I can best do so by telling what each teacher's particular hobby in teaching is. With de Reszké it is tone quality, and he also has remarkable ideas about gradation of tone. With Maurel it is singing absolutely in time, and singing, as he puts it, 'naturally, just as one speaks.' And that is a terribly difficult thing to do," she laughed.

At present Cavalieri is working on a rôle absolutely new to her, in which she will be heard toward the end of the Manhattan season, that of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." Another new rôle is the Venetian lady in the second act of "The Tales of Hoffmann," which Mlle. Cavalieri considers the most sympathetic rôle for woman in the work. She sang this, it will be remembered, for the first time on Christmas evening. She finds Salome in "Herodiade," another sympathetic rôle, although simple, and lacking the intensely dramatic character which chiefly appeals to her.

Cavalieri admitted, but very modestly, that her success in Paris last May, in the rôle of Thaïs was great, greater, they say, than that of anyone else who has ever sung the rôle in Paris, not excepting Sybil Sanderson. She also created this rôle at La Scala in Milan several years ago.

"Did you regret not singing it here?"



Reutlinger

MLLE. CAVALIERI

The singer gave an expressive shrug of her shapely shoulders.

"I do not blame any singer," she said, "if it is stipulated in her contract that she alone is to sing a certain rôle, for objecting to its being assigned to another. What I did object to in last year's controversy was the statement that no Italian should sing the rôle, only a Frenchwoman. If that were really the case then we Italians ought to bar the many French singers who come to Italy to have an operatic career from our country, is it not true? But we do not. They come in numbers, for it is much easier to make money in opera in Italy than in France. If they have talent we applaud them, and, as a matter of fact, are much more lenient to their faults of pronunciation in Italian than we are to faults in our own singers. And French music has had great success with us. I think Massenet's 'Manon,' which the composer came to Milan himself to direct, had quite as great success there as it had in France.

Cavalieri has sung Violetta in "La Traviata" a number of times, it may surprise people to know.

"But with us it is not considered a light soprano rôle, rather for lyric voice," she explained.

At the close of her Manhattan season Cavalieri goes directly to South America, where she is engaged for the summer, their "winter" season. The greater part of the summer will be spent in Buenos Ayres, and among the operas which she will sing are Puccini's "Manon," and possibly that of Massenet; "Thaïs," "La Bohème," "Carmen," Boito's "Mefistofele," and others to be decided on later.

ELISE LATHROP.



CAVALIERI AS THAÏS



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MISS MARIE TEMPEST, WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN THE TITLE ROLE OF W. S. MAUGHAM'S COMEDY, "PENELOPE"

Marie Tempest—Leading English-Speaking Comedienne

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 64)

THE small, retroussé-nosed woman, who is by the most grave critics accounted the leading English-speaking comedienne, doesn't walk. She either moves in a will-enforced, transiently stately fashion or she dances. Chiefly she dances. For dancing is the natural expression of her fluid, glancing spirit. But she entered the cream-and-gold drawing-room of her hotel suite in more formal manner, for there are troublesome amenities and some of them must be observed, even though briefly, and I was a stranger to be civilly met and civilly passed on into the limbo of business details. Yet even in her formality Marie Tempest is brisk and glancing. Her natural tempo is that of the two-step. She covered the distance between her bedroom door and the prim little white and gold chair beside her desk at the window in less than half the time it would require an ordinary woman or an extraordinary tragedienne to traverse it. And when she had taken her seat lightly but firmly on the chair, and faced the interviewer with a businesslike expression, and said: "I'm a very hard person to interview," she was neither the light nor the shade of Marie Tempest, but the great comedienne balancing deftly and tentatively between them.

The light radiated a moment later when, computing mathematically how much of her was actress and how much woman, she jumped up and danced over to the piano, bringing back to me the photograph of a tall, sensitive-faced youth with fine eyes, and looking a bit awkward and very boyish in his uniform.

"This is my boy, Norman Gordon Lennox. He is three-fourths of my life." Pride was in the blue eyes that dance such tantalizing jigs on the stage. "He is twenty, and belongs to the London Rifles. He came over from London to spend the holidays with me. I tried to get along without him but I couldn't."

Then we dipped swiftly as a swallow wings its way from height to depth of air, into the Marie Tempest shade. The eyes stopped their dancing, and one had glimpse of tears close behind them.

"I am happier now than I have been for a long time. I am be-

ginning to appreciate what success means, what it is to have audiences like one. Persons write me that I have cheered them up. Acting when it is successful is a beautiful career." There the dip into the shade. "It compensates for the horrors and disillusionment that life holds.

"If I am merry," she went on, "it is because I have learned to laugh at myself. It's a great thing to learn to laugh at one's self, isn't it? Once you have learned that nothing seems to matter very much. And yet," a swift sweep upward of the swallow-winged spirit, "there are things that matter a great deal. They are love and a home and children."

"You don't believe, then, in the celibacy of the woman with a career?"

The Tempest mouth pursed itself into a horrified negative. The eloquent Tempest eyebrows went up. The quick-action Tempest head shook violently. The lightning-quick forefinger wagged before her strongly disapproving face.

"The life of a spinster isn't a complete life."

"But couldn't she become a greater artist?"

"I don't know why she couldn't be both—though I know that is asking a great deal, that few women could be both."

The swallow wing skimmed the surface of the superficial talk that followed and dipped into serious reminiscence.

"My comedy sense I inherited from my mother. She has a wonderful sense of humor. Most women have a sense of humor, but many of them fail in applying it to themselves. There is the trouble. They see a humorous trait or a humorous situation in someone else, but their own affairs seem deadly serious to them. That's the way the extraordinary idea that women have no sense of humor got about.

"My mother had a great deal of heart-breaking trouble, of nearly every kind. She brought up a big family of kiddies. We were six once. She was always able to laugh. And when we had troubles she never let us cry. She taught us to laugh at ourselves, at each other, at the humor in everything. But there

was no cruelty in her humor.' There is a great deal of the other sort of thing in women. There are a great many women with 'the serpent's tongue.'"

Then the swift Tempestian change of mood, the twinkle in the Tempest eye.

"A woman said, when I told her that American men were so kind to their wives, that they slaved downtown for them all day to dress them like the Queen of Sheba: 'Yes, and they bore us to drink.' But if you tell that she is a leader——"

There was a telephone ring, one of four that had punctuated our five minutes together. "Tell them not to disturb us again. I'm busy. That terrible telephone! Tell them my maid must answer."

The maid thrust a florid, troubled English face between the parted portières.

"But, madam, it is Mr. Frohman."

"Oh!" Again Miss Tempest didn't rise. She jumped. Again she didn't walk. She danced. And she flung back over her shoulder a smile that made words unnecessary. When Mr. Frohman calls interviews cease, or, at least, they must be interrupted. The message must have been a pleasant one, for when she came back the smile remained. And she came, as she had gone, dancing. She was humming *Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes*. How well she could sing it, had she chosen to work it up with all her multitude of nuances in manner, and smile, and voice!

"It's a fascinating song, isn't it? I have been practising it this morning. I give three-quarters of an hour a day to my music."

"What sort of music?"

"All sorts, good and bad."

I asked whether her training in musical plays had helped her in legitimate comedy. She shook her head in quick, birdlike fashion.



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MARGUERITE SYLVA AS LA TOSCA

Mlle. Sylva recently made her debut at the Manhattan Opera House with great success. She has now left Mr. Hammerstein's forces, but rumor has it that she will be heard again in grand opera in this city before long.

"No, no, my dear; one doesn't get any training in musical comedy. You come on and sing a song or two as well as you can and go off again. What is that? But I don't mean to decry musical comedy. One mustn't speak against the bridge that carried one over. I always intended to go into the legitimate. But I have been fortunate to have made a reputation in two lines, haven't I? Did you ever see such beautiful notices as I had the day after the production of 'Penelope'? I was grateful. Notices make me very happy. Those women who say they don't read them tell what isn't true.

"But once I didn't care for these things. I would go about, and people would say agreeable things and I didn't mind. They didn't seem to matter. But now I am, oh, so grateful! The reason for it is trouble. Trouble makes us bigger, and gives us a larger outlook. I never knew until lately how fine humanity is, what wonderful people there are in the world, nor what beautiful things they are doing. No, when people

say kind things to me I want to embrace them. My heart goes out to them and to the world in affection. I am learning that what we give we get back a thousandfold with interest.

She was profoundly earnest now. All the gaiety had gone out of her face, leaving it older but nobler. "And I've found out this, that whatever we want we can get. If we don't get it it is because we don't want it enough, and continuously enough."

"In a career?"

"Yes, and in the realm of the affections—in everything."

Clara Bloodgood's name was mentioned. Miss Tempest had met her several times. "She came to see me play 'The Truth,' which I think is the greatest play in which I have ever appeared.

I had met her several times. I thought she was a brilliant *femme du monde*, and most attractive. When I heard of her suicide I was terribly shocked."

Silence and shade prevailed in the little gold-and-white drawing-room for an instant. It was the shade of that strange spirit that had gone out so strangely in a hotel room in Baltimore while she and Miss Tempest were both playing "The Truth." Then

swiftly it was light again. Miss Tempest's eyes and feet danced as she talked of the little holiday party she would have after the play that night for her son. She was talking of it when we walked through the corridor, she with an armclasp of pleasant *camaraderie*, and a smile that included the grinningly responsive bellboys and the serious-faced girl at the hall switchboard. She had proved her theory that we get what we give. ADA PATTERSON.



Photos Garraway-Byron
OLIVE WYNDHAM AS MARIA



ROSE COGHLAN AS MRS. CANDOUR



THAIS LAWTON AS LADY SNEERWELL

Revival of "The School for Scandal" at the New Theatre

NEW THEATRE. "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL." Comedy by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Revived December 16 with this cast:

Lady Teazle.....	Grace George	Charles Surface.....	Matheson Lang
Mrs. Candour.....	Rose Coghlan	Rowley.....	Jacob Wendell, Jr.
Lady Sneerwell.....	Thais Lawton	Crabtree.....	Albert Brunning
Maria.....	Olive Wyndham	Sir Benj. Backbite.....	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Sir Peter.....	Louis Calvert	Careless.....	Henry Stanford
Sir Oliver.....	E. M. Holland	Trip.....	Oswald Yorke
Joseph Surface.....	A. E. Anson	Snake.....	Cecil Yapp

"The School for Scandal" is the finest comedy of manners in the English language, not because of its corruscation of wit, but, to a measurable extent, in spite of it. Here and there the dialogue is abstract and retards the immediate action of the piece. At the same time this superabundance is a mark of distinction and genius.

The play was constructed under the loose system prevalent at the time. There was no restraint upon the quick shifting of scenes of locality. In various versions the scenes have often been rearranged, and in the present revival we have something entirely new. There is no division into acts, and the thirteen scenes of the version most familiar to theatregoers have been reduced by transposition and consolidation to eight, with an intermission of fifteen minutes after the fifth scene. This has been accomplished with discretion and with good results. A minute discussion of what

has been done is not practicable at this moment. We believe, however, that the New Theatre has taken hold of this fine and enduring play in the right spirit. Whatever defects might be urged, and have been urged, against the construction of the play are futile as compared with the effectiveness of its scenes. Many of them are incomparably good, full of vitality and truth. Occasionally deficiencies in the action may, and must, be remedied by the acting and by the stage management. Delicacy and definiteness are essential, and it is entirely possible for the New Theatre to finally give a better performance of the play as a play than we have ever had.

It is not necessary to make close comparisons with traditional performances. It is not likely that certain actors of the past will ever be excelled in given parts, but this very production has excellences of its own. Its scenes are beautiful, its costumes no doubt accurate, and its scheme of color most pleasing to the eye. It may be said that these are external things. So they are, and they are incidental, but they give a newness to the play worth the while. Some of the changes and additions made are undoubtedly to the advantage of the play, for they are not imported into it, but belong to it by every right of the text and the circumstances. For



Photo Bangs, N. Y.

MISS GEORGE AS LADY TEAZLE IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" AT THE NEW THEATRE

instance, Lady Teazle in the quarrel between her and Sir Peter is reproached by him with spending "as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and to give a fête champêtre at Christmas." In this version we see the flowers borne in by a maid followed by Pompey, Lady Teazle's page. The incident and the characters are new, and the situation is enhanced, for the quarrel scene is based on the reckless extravagance of his wife, a country girl of about half his age, whose head has been temporarily turned by her translation from the modest surroundings of her girlhood to the luxuries of city life. Plainly this little bit of objectivity is helpful and needful. The management of the New Theatre may go further in this direction and do better. The revision is a matter of detail, but the details are very important. We wish success to this new and reverent laying hold of the masterpiece for the edification of future and many audiences. That the play is not acted in all its parts with the



MATHESON LANG AS CHARLES SURFACE

required, and even accustomed, effect is a passing matter. The right actors can be found. Some of the performances are unimpeachable. That Mr. Louis Calvert is not the ideal Sir Peter does not mean that he does not give a good and consistent interpretation of the part. Among those whose memories extend back to the period when the old comedies were constantly produced in repertory, Sir Peter is remembered as a much older and more irascible man. So much for tradition. In point of fact he was but fifty years old when he married the country girl, now seven months ago. Mr. Calvert certainly makes of Sir Peter a gentleman, attractive

when she takes, and in the screen scene she draws to herself all that sympathy and admiration for which it is designed. Her performance stood out sharply as the most interesting and satisfactory.

The Charles Surface of Mr. Matheson Lang was capable, but lacking in that distinction which is easily remembered in some other performance of no great while ago. But it is needless to make comparisons. Rose Coghlan as Mrs. Candour left the impression that, naturally, is made by the stamp belonging to the quality standard. Specific comparisons are not entirely feasible, but some of the minor parts were acted to perfection.

enough to his young wife to make it reasonable that when she learns her lesson in folly his happiness will be secure and her fidelity and the wholesome enjoyment of her good fortune will be maintained.

We have said that it is not the wit of the play that gives it its permanent place on the stage. It is the piquancy and naturalness of the characters and the situations. The wit is very often artificial. On the other hand, many of the scenes are delightfully true and full of vitality and character. Properly played the comedy no doubt will last as long as the English stage endures.

Its possibilities are by no means fully developed in this performance, meritorious as it is in many respects. Miss Grace George is, and should be, satisfactory to even the most punctilious adherent to tradition. She never for one moment loses the freshness and purity of the character, full of vivacity and carried away by the intoxication of her new position and surroundings. She conducts her quarrels with Sir Peter in a captivating way, both when she gives and



LOUIS CALVERT AS SIR PETER



E. M. HOLLAND AS SIR OLIVER

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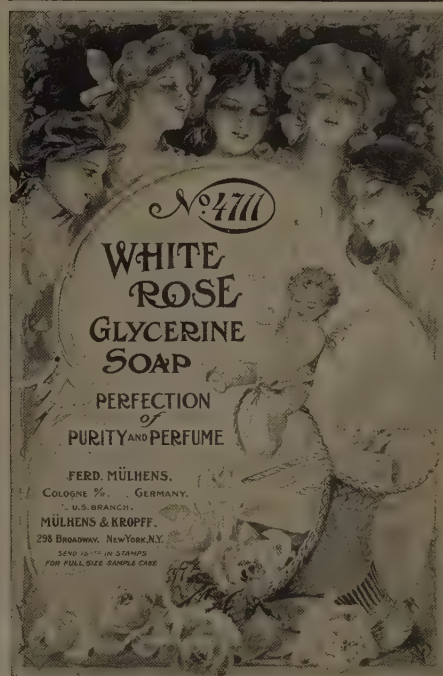
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Dream-Worlds Become Realities

(Continued from page 53)

ultra-realism, when "Sappho and Phaon" was produced, Carroll Beckwith, the noted artist and instructor, took his pupils to study the setting as an invaluable lesson. And, again, Henry Ranger, whose landscapes hang in the Metropolitan Museum, enthusiastically commended the famous Lettuce field in Leah Kleshna as a beautiful picture. While Belasco studied minutely the vegetation of the plains, the sand, dirt, dust and stones with which to fill in the foreground of the last scene in "The Girl of the Golden West," in order that the atmosphere might be as true as possible.

And what will be the future of this interesting art? Who is bold or prophetic enough to predict its limitations, when the advance is furthered every day and the ideal raised with each production? Only a few months ago came the announcement that for the first time in the history of the Paris Salon a special exhibition of scenic models would be included this year. The innovation marks a new era in the appreciation accorded this branch of painting. It is, thus, recognized as a legitimate branch of the Fine Arts.

Perhaps the largest canvas ever painted for stage purposes was that constructed for the New Theatre in the Twelfth Regiment Armory at Columbus Avenue and Sixty-second Street. The enormous sheet, which is 200 x 117 feet, was designed for permanent use in the theatre, and is so arranged that it may be raised and lowered just in front of the back stage wall in a way to give any kind of sky effect desired. When it became necessary to build a cyclorama breaking all records for size, Claude L. Hagen, the technical director of the New Theatre, sent to England for 23,400 square feet of a special woven and extra heavy linen. When this arrived he engaged a corps of tailors and after the measurements had been taken, these men were set to work with needles and thread. When the canvas had been sewed, it was tacked upon the floor of the Armory, occupying practically all the drill space, and tireproofed. Supports upon which the canvas was wound were then built and fastened to the top. The work of coloring this great white field was accomplished by twenty-one expert scene painters. These men, with tin tubs of paint and long brushes, were then arranged in a line, and at a given signal began the work, backing up as they progressed until the entire canvas had been covered. The work required great dexterity as to pause for a moment would be to ruin the entire canvas. Boys kept the paint tubs filled, and men specially delegated to the task swept the cloth so that no fleck of dust might mar the effect. Each man wore moccasins provided by the contractor, and canvas overalls fresh from the laundry. Most were stripped to the waist. When the canvas was thoroughly dry, it was rolled on the supports and carted to the theatre. In order to prevent the canvas from tearing by its own weight, the seams were reinforced. The cost was \$2,000.

HENRY WILSON CARLISLE.

A Theatre Director at Work

The New York Times gives this pen picture of Mr. Winthrop Ames, director of the New Theatre, when at work in his sanctum:

"To begin with, he has a spacious room, simple, rather bare, in fact. One or two things mark it out from thousands of similar rooms, the 'act-call' on the wall, which tells him which act is beginning downstairs, and a tiny model of a bit of scenery held for correction of some sort. A curious object is attached to his desk, an acoustic apparatus which enables him to hear what is being said on the stage without his stirring from his desk. This comes into use not only for the actual play but for rehearsals and what not. Does the heroine need to throw more soul into the pathetic bit in the second act? At the exact moment Mr. Ames grasps his receiver and marks what she accomplishes. Was the shouting of the supers perfunctory and uninspiring at the first rehearsal? Let them not think they are escaping observation merely because the director is nowhere about the theatre. His keen ear follows every huzzza from up aloft. At the other side of the desk stands the telephone, connecting through his secretary's room with every part of the theatre as well as with an outside world clamoring for this, that, and the other piece of information, which the director has at his tongue's end."

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Frohman—as London Sees Him

Mr. Charles Frohman, to whom, he being an American, was left the glory of opening the present English dramatic season, is the most remarkable man I have ever *never* met—most remarkable because, although his name is a playhousehold word, although the newspapers speak of him pretty nearly as often as they speak of Mr. Lloyd George, the man himself is almost as invisible as the famous Mrs. Harris.

He is a "mysterious disappearance," and his corporeal invisibility has come to be regarded in playgoing circles as his chief distinctive physical feature. We know him by what we have not seen of him. People knew Wellington by his nose, Lord Beaconsfield by his curl, Gladstone by his collar, Bradlaugh by his mouth, and Napoleon by his cheek. We recognize Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree by his blue eyes, and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero by his black eyebrows. But if we met Charles Frohman—supposing such a thing possible—we could only be sure that it was he because we had not seen him before; we should at once identify him by his striking want of resemblance to any other and every other celebrity. It would only be the certainty of his being nobody else that would mark him before our eyes as himself.

He is the greatest man ever unknown; the most prominent personality the mists and purple vapors ever hid from our view. Once, and once only, I came very near to meeting him. There had been two or three "first nights" at his theatres over here, and he was somewhere in London at the time, listening to any rumors that might come his way concerning the business being done by his new productions. On the night I nearly met him in the Strand a new theatre had been opened in his name, and this ceremony had somehow drawn him into the vicinity of the scene of operations. I suppose it was a matter of sentiment or of curiosity.

All at once, as we were passing the end of a street leading down to the Adelphi arches, a friend I was with exclaimed to me, "Why, there goes Charles Frohman!" I immediately began searching the crowd in front of me for a gargantuan American celebrity in a purple dress-suit and with ridiculously large shoe laces, and not finding there the Charles Frohman of my imagination, I told my friend that I could not see the famous theatre-merchant anywhere and that he (my friend) must have been mistaken. I then learned that had I looked in the right direction and at the right person I would have seen, disappearing into one of the arches, a stout, clean-shaven man, below the average height, with a nose inclined to aquiline curvature, and dressed in a plain lounge suit and a small curly-brimmed bowler.

How could I have been expected to pay any attention to a man in a lounge suit and a bowler, when I was looking for a person in evening-dress? Did not this Charles Frohman own half of theatrical London? And was not this the night that he had opened a new theatre? Why should he be hiding in arches from the sun and moon, even as the cockle hides in the sands of the seashore? What's the good of being a cockle when you have the right to be, and every chance of being a peacock?

I have chosen the cockle for my parallel because he happens to have come into my life lately, and to have impressed me very strongly with the aloofness and elusiveness of his nature. And the comparison is further justified by the fact that the cockle, like Mr. Charles Frohman, is all over the place and nowhere to be seen. The cockle absolutely rules the sands, as Britannia rules the waves, and Charles Frohman rules the theatrical market, but you might walk over the wet sands at low tide every day for a month without seeing a sign of him. The cockle is of such a retiring disposition that if you want to know what he is like to look at you must hunt him up and rout him out.

The way to do this is to stand on the oozing sands with your bare feet and sink down to him. If you feel a blunt something under your big toe, ten to one it is a cockle. If you feel a sharp pain, a thousand to one it is a crab. But that is merely by the way. All I really intended to say about the absent, everywhere and nowhere, at one and the cockle was that it cannot beat Mr. Charles Frohman at the strange game of being present and same time.—M. A. P.

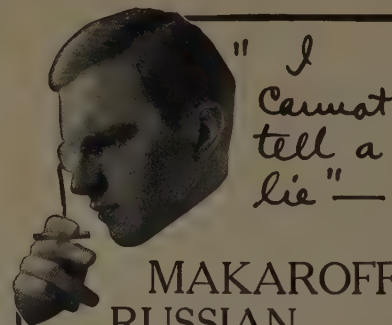
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Agnes Booth Dead

Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel, who died at her home in Brookline, Mass., on January 2 last, after a long illness was, twenty years ago, one of the most distinguished and most popular actresses on our stage. She was born in Australia, her maiden name being Rookes. In 1865 she came to New York, and made her first appearance at the Winter Garden with John S. Clarke, the comedian. She joined Edwin For-



rest's company soon afterward, and made her first appearance with him in "Richelieu." In 1867 she married Junius Brutus Booth. She appeared with Edwin Booth and John McCullough in "King John," and made one of her greatest successes in the rôle of Constance in that play. She also acted with Jefferson, the elder Sothorn, and with Lester Wallack, and later became a star. For several seasons she was a member of A. M. Palmer's company at the Madison Square Theatre, and for a time she was with the Boston Theatre Company. Junius Brutus Booth died in 1883, and in 1885 she became the wife of John B. Schoeffel, of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. One of the last important productions in which she appeared in New York was "The Sporting Duchess," in 1896.

New Dramatic Books

ROSES. Four One-Act Plays. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Grace Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.225 net.

To the student of the drama, watchful of its modern tendencies, this book is exceedingly interesting. Sudermann is masterful in his handling of an action, and all these little plays are gems of workmanship. Three of them are unpleasant with the disagreeable truth about human frailty and passion which is usually not the subject of literary or dramatic treatment. For example, and it will be enough, a young baron has concealed the beautiful wife of a neighbor in a deserted château on his mother's estate. It is grown about thickly by shrubbery and rose bushes. The husband is seeking his wife everywhere, doubting the letter which she has caused to be sent from Paris. The upshot is that he finds the two together. There is minute revelation of character in the circumstances and there is plenty of action. The fourth play is charming, simple and, in every way, pure and idealistic. A German student dreams of a princess whose palace he can see in the distance through a telescope at the inn, which is situated above a watering-place in Germany. She visits the inn carefully guarded by her maid of honor. No one is permitted to enter the veranda, enclosed by a framework of glass while she is there, but the student finds his way in through the window, not knowing the situation. He meets the princess and their talk leads to his confession that he has an ideal, that he dreams of the princess, that he knows and can see through the telescope. He repeats a poem that he has written to her. It concerns roses. He has dreamed of the joy it would give him to receive but one from her hands. When it is revealed that she is the princess he refuses the rose, preferring to dream on.

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Books Received

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Cloth. 249 pp. New York: John Lane Company.

THE GREAT DIVIDE. Play in three acts by William Vaughn Moody. Cloth. 167 pp. \$1.25 net. New York: The MacMillan Company.

MARGARITA'S SOUL. By Ingraham Lovell. Cloth. Illustrated. 304 pp. \$1.50 net. New York and London: John Lane Company, The Bodley Head.

THE JOY OF LIFE AND OTHER POEMS. By Theodosia Garrison. Cloth. 148 pp. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE. Translated into English verse by Richard Le Gallienne with critique by Edward Ziegler. Illustrations in color after paintings by George Alfred Williams. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.



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EUROPEAN PLAN

HARRY L. BROWN

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

An Old Reader.—Q.—Can you tell me where the following players are at the present time: Mrs. Langtry, Yvette Guilbert, E. S. Willard and Charles Hawtreys. A.—Mrs. Langtry is in London, Yvette Guilbert recently appeared in vaudeville in this country but has returned to France. E. S. Willard is touring the West in repertoire. Charles Hawtreys, at the Windsor Theatre, London, is playing in "The Little Damsel."

C. F. D., Cleveland, O.—Q.—What theatrical managers read manuscripts of plays, if submitted to them? A.—Manuscripts submitted to any of the producing managers will undoubtedly receive prompt attention.

"A Reader."—Q.—Kindly give me a short sketch of the life of Charles Balsar. A.—Now a member of the New Theatre, Charles Balsar was lately with the Orpheum Stock Company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, where he was most popular, playing a wide range of parts. He supported Mrs. Fiske and acted in "Leah Kleschna." He was also seen in "The Witching Hour." Q.—Who is William Farnum's leading woman this season? A.—William Farnum is a member of "Solis Alletis" company, playing "The White Sister." Q.—Will William Farnum be seen in Philadelphia this season? A.—Possibly.

"Reader."—Q.—Where can I purchase portraits of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" and Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry"? A.—Senia portraits of Maude Adams as Peter Pan, and Mrs. Leslie Carter, in private dress, may be purchased from Meyer Brothers, 26 West Thirty-third Street, New York, at twenty-five cents each. In the March, 1903, issue of THE THEATRE appeared a portrait of Mrs. Leslie Carter as Du Barry. This may be purchased at the office of this magazine.

R. Y., Springfield, Ill.—Q.—What numbers of your magazine contained a description or pictures of "Cesar and Cleopatra"? A.—A review of the play appeared in our December, 1906, number. Portraits of Forbes Robertson as Cesar and Gertrude Elliot as Cleopatra appeared in the March, 1907, number. They may be obtained from the publishers, 26 West Thirty-third Street, New York, at forty cents per copy.

C. J. V., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—How can I secure a position with a burlesque show? A.—We know of no other way than by applying to the manager of the production you wish to join.

"A New Subscriber."—Q.—Have you published pictures of Jack Storey, or of Paul Decker? A.—We have not.

A. M. F., West 122nd St.—In a recent issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE "H. H. Chicago," asks for the cast of Characters of "The Best of Friends," by Cecil Raleigh, produced at the Academy of Music, the week of November 16, 1903. Herewith is a copy taken from a program: Duke of Richborough, Frank Burbeck; Earl of Amesbury, Joseph Wheelock, Jr.; Lady Aline Redwood, Ray Rockman; Lady Corry, Rose Lemoine; Gen. Sir Matthew Churston, Eugene Santley; Commandant Michael de Lahne, Lionel Barrymore; Paul de Lahne, Richard Bennett; Sam Whitburn, Herbert Standing; A Stranger from Abroad, Thomas McGrath; The Rev. Mr. Mowatt, Louis Le Bay; Mr. Topham, Tully Marshall; Mrs. Bateson, Madeline Rivers; Eke-toff, Geoffrey Stein; Emanuel Reo, Ralph Delmore; Tommy, Prince Miller; Mercia di Marco, Katherine Grey; Rosabelle Nerokes, Agnes Booth; Vorsler, Thomas Griffin; Markoff, Willis Linderman; George Foster, Albert Cowler; Tim Gerard, Stanley Jessup; Dr. Jackson, John B. Cook; Colonel Lumsden, Douglas Stanfield; Jessie, Josephine May Mack; Flo, Marion Childers; Marie, May Seymour; Tremaine, Edwin Hale; Stephens, John C. Tremaine; Army Surgeon, O. B. Davis; Despatch Officer, Thomas Grant; Commissariat Officer, Stewart Thomas; Tubshaw, David Barnes; Ripper, Thomas Daly; Orderly, Harry Elton; Steincamp, Frank Murray; Ives, Thomas Felton.

R. E. F., Louisville, Ky.—Your questions are so vague it is impossible to answer them. We cannot undertake to make comparisons between actors.

Queries of this trivial nature will be ignored hereafter. P. F. H., Elizabeth, N. J.—Q.—Kindly tell me something about Della Fox's life and career. A.—She was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1871, and made her first stage appearance there at the age of nine in "H. M. S. Pinafore." The following year she played the child Adrienne in "A Celebrated Case." She appeared then with Marie Prescott, playing children's parts. Following this she joined the Bennett and Moulton Opera Company, also the Concord Opera Company. In 1889 she became a member of De Wolf Hopper's company and made her debut on the New York stage at Niblo's Garden in 1890 in "The King's Fool." Other productions she has been seen in are: "Castles in the Air," "Wang," "Panjandrum," "The Little Trooper," "Fleur-de-Lys," "The Wedding Day," "The Little Host," "The West Point Cadet," etc., etc. She has lately been seen on the vaudeville stage.

E. F. L., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Is Elsie Ferguson the youngest star in America? If not, who is? A.—We believe Frances Starr enjoys that enviable distinction. Q.—Have you interviewed Channing Pollock, or published a photograph of him? A.—An interview with Mr. Pollock has not yet appeared in our columns, but a photograph of the playwright was published in the September, 1905, number of THE THEATRE. Q.—Was Channing Pollock's first play "The Little Gray Lady"? A.—No. Mr. Pollock wrote several successful plays before "The Little Gray Lady." His first work was a dramatization of "The Pet" produced by W. A. Brady.

"The Rabbit."—Q.—Have you published an interview with Harry Woodruff? A.—We have not.

Mrs. J. K., Brooklyn.—Q.—Was "The Messiah" ever sung at the Metropolitan Opera House? A.—Yes, at a matinee on December 26, 1891. Also on the evening of December 27, in the same year.

Her Ardent Admirer.—Q.—Will E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe be seen at the New Theatre again this season? If not, what are their plans? A.—They have already opened their starring tour. To their repertoire of classic plays, "Macbeth" has been added. Later in the season Sothern and Marlowe will be seen again in New York.

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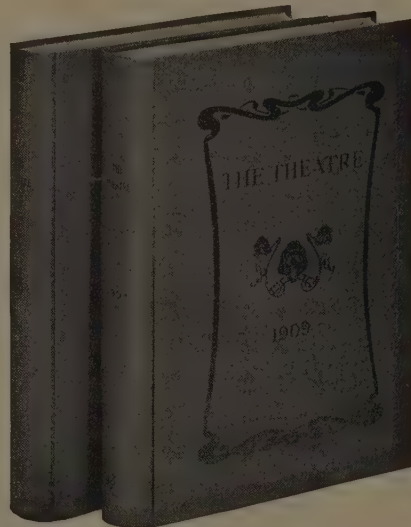
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At the Playhouse

(Continued from page 38)

it will be in a new song or two, with possibly some gleam of fresh individuality among the singers and comedians. "The King of Cadonia" fulfils practically all of the above specifications, yet there is a recognizable plot. There is nothing original in the idea of a one-horse monarch who goes a-courting in peasant disguise and wins his princess and throne on his own merits as a man; but it can still be used with effect. There is a fine cast including half a dozen stars or, nearly stars, each one placed advantageously, and all working together at times in a positively brilliant ensemble. Specific examples are Marguerite Clark and Melville Stewart in the duet, "When a Feller Has a Girl"; Clara Palmer and the gorgeous guards doing the dance-song, "Come Along"; and an uproariously jolly quartette, "Lena," carried off with gusto by Messrs. William Norris, Melville Stewart, D. L. Don and William Danforth. Marguerite Clark bears her new stellar responsibilities with pretty grace. She is as infantile as ever in face and figure, but she has matured vocally, and is most piquant as the coquettish Princess. William Norris deserves more artistic credit than perhaps he will generally receive, for the verve and vivacity with which he invests a mediocre part.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE BARRIER." Dramatization in four acts by Eugene W. Presbrey. From the novel by Rex Beach. Produced January 10 with this cast:

John Gale, Theodore Roberts; Alluna, Abigail Marshall; Mollie, Rosalind Ziegler; John, Harold Ziegler; No Creek Lee, Guninio Socola; Necia, Florence Rockwell; Captain Burrell U. S. A., James Durkin; Poleon Doret, Alphonz Ethier; Runnion, John Pierson; Dan Stark, W. S. Hart; Corporal Thomas, J. H. Greene.

The gunfire in "The Barrier" began twenty years before the opening of the play. It terminated in the dark, the table and lamp having been overturned, of course, when the flash from a single pistol revealed to us two men in a discreet stage-struggle. When the lights are on, one of them lies with a knife thrust through his ribs. He got his deserts. For twenty years he had been pursuing the other man in order to have him hanged for a crime that he himself had committed. He had shot and killed his own wife as she was eloping with our hero, who immediately consoled himself by marrying a squaw. But he had taken the infant from the slain mother's breast, and that girl is supposed now to be his daughter, a half-breed. At a mining camp, where he keeps a general store and barroom, a United States captain falls in love with her. Presently the enemy enters, coming from some distant bailiwick, and orders a drink, and the trouble begins. If the character were one that we could respect, Mr. Theodore Roberts's acting would count as the most distinguished achievement of his career. As it is, it is only fine acting gone to waste. In the second play the girl is discovered to be white and not a half-breed and gets her captain. The circumstances concerning her are too artificially romantic to give any reality to the character, so that Miss Florence Rockwell could make no real impression with it. There are other parts that stand out for naturalness in the acting and in passages here and there. Thus Mr. Alphonz Ethier, in the character of Poleon Doret, a French-Canadian hopelessly in love with the girl, gained the only sympathy in the play.

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WALLACK'S. "A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH." Satirical comedy in four acts by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford. Produced December 27 with this cast:

Paul Potter, Vincent Serrano; Lassiter Ellis, Henry C. Mortimer; Richard Evers, John Flood; Billy Dunbar, Richard Sterling; Ricky Van Riker, Edgar Norton; Mr. Kelly, Percy Martin; Dawson, Clinton Hamilton; Jim, Melville Howard; Hiram, Norbert Higgins; Parsons, James Randolph; Porter, Freeman Barnes; Mr. Leslie, Edward Coxen; Mr. Gayman, John McCarthy; Mr. Charles F. T. Higgins, Victor Franz; Back Door Man, Dick Lee; Stage Carpenter, Dan Purnell; Electrician, Chris. Logan; Property Man, Julius Gazeerde; Muriel Evers, Hilda Spong; Sylvia Castle, Ida Conquest; Katherine Dunbar, Georgia Busby; Clara Runkle, Dakota Reich; Glass, Mable Edward; Anna, Ora Lee.

"The Fourth Estate" was conceived from the beginning, constructed and written as a play. "The Little Brother of the Rich," by the same authors, was not. The result is that one is a drama of considerable power and the other is tame and falls far short of the intent and of the potential value of the material. It attempts four distinct actions, which are merely episodes in the

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This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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career of a pleasure-loving woman without the moral sense.

BROADWAY. "THE JOLLY BACHELORS." Musical play in two acts. Words by Glen MacDonough. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced January 6 with this cast:

Dr. Launcelot Lightfoot, Walter Percival; Howson Lot, Jack Norwood; Bunberry Tankerville, Lionel Walsh; As-tarita Vandergould, Nora Bayes; Guy, Billie Taylor; Carola Gayley, Elizabeth Brice; Chase Payne, Al, Leech; Harold McCann, Robert L. Dailey; Veronica Verdigris Jackson, Stella Mayhew; Perdita Pears, Topsy Siegrist; Lily Kraus, Josie Sadler; Fannie Faintwell, Nellie Lynch; Notta Sound, Gertrude Vanderbilt; Ludwig, Nat Fields; "Pudge" Wilson, Lew Fullerton; Hardy Hyde, Henry Lehman.

"The Jolly Bachelors," free from the vapid and the vulgar, is an exceptional entertainment of its kind. No excellence worth the while can be denied or disdained. The judicious can grieve only at the stupid, the hopelessly conventional and the lascivious, which make so many so-called comic operas objectionable. Here we have good taste, intelligence in the performers, and a sufficient consistency in the slight story to give the piece its right to a title. The story has no significance, but the heiress incognito dresses richly because it is her custom, and when she takes employment in an apothecary shop she is provided with something to do, and is there with a purpose, to be loved for herself and not for her money. Because the three young bachelors who have met her by chance and fallen in love with her find places there also, and are entirely ignorant of the properties of drugs, they give out the wrong prescriptions, and have to give chase to various people who are suspected to have the bottle of poison intended for an elephant. They finally find it in the possession of a scrub-woman on board ship returning to her native land. These are at least characters. If a "specialty" is introduced there is usually some occasion for it. Thus, when Mr. Leech, with the acrobatic legs, tumbles up and down the steps, he is at least going somewhere. Miss Nora Bayes has the spirit of comedy and would grace any stage. She had won her audience before she sang her song about Kelly, a bit of foolery, with a swing and an indescribable dash of sentiment. She was not alone in enlivening the performance, but she seems inexhaustible in resources, and gives a zest to every moment she is on the stage.

LIBERTY. "THE FIRES OF FATE." Morality play in four acts by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Produced December 28 with this cast:

Col. Cyril Egerton, Hamilton Revelle; The Rev. Samuel Roden, Wm. Hawtrey; James Roden, Edwin Brandt; Mr. Thomas Belmont, Percy C. Waram; Mr. Cecil Brown, Thos. R. Mills; Mr. Headingly, Hale Norcross; Mons. Octave Pardet, Ernest Perrin; Rudkin, Robert Reese; Abdulla, George Trader; Captain Jack Archer, Courtenay Foote; Sidi Mohamed, Paul Pillington; Ali Wad Ibrahim, Charn-Chandra-Sen; Abdurrahman, F. E. Hill; Mrs. Belmont, Helen Freeman; Miss Adams, Ina Hammer; Miss Sadie Adams, Grace Carlyle.

A captain in the British Army, with everything to live for, comes to consult the doctor about what he thinks is a trifling indisposition. He is subjected to tests. It is a plain case. He will not live a year. The progress of the disease can be arrested only by an unexpected shock. The young man cannot be dissuaded by the doctor from the resolve to kill himself. The preacher enters and overhears the situation. He is gentle, fervent, firm, convincing; surely a lovely character. Will the young officer accompany the brothers on the trip up the Nile? There is no hint of danger. The first immediate danger is no more thrilling than falling in love with an American heiress, but the preacher reminds him of his doom to death, and he ceases to press his suit. The Bedouins attack and capture the party. The young officer is struck over the head with an implement resembling a sickle. Left alone as dead he revives long enough to feebly wave a signal, which is seen by the British troops in the distance. He is next seen alive with the other captives. Providence arrives accompanied by rapid-fire guns and rescues them. The general happiness is not complete until someone, in the exuberant joy of the occasion, approaches the Captain, who is sitting with his legs crossed, and playfully slaps him on the knee-cap. His leg responds. He is now in a position to urge his suit.

HACKETT. "CAMEO KIRBY." Play in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Produced December 20 with this cast:

Eugene Kirby, Dustin Farnum; Larkin Bunce, Emmett Corrigan; Tom Randall, Gordon Johnstone; Anatole Veaudry, Conway Tearle; Aaron Randall, Burr Caruth; Colonel Moreau, John Harrington; Judge Pleydell, Robert Cummings; "The General," Robert Tansy; Adele Randall, Maud Hosford; Anne Pleydell, Nora Shelby; Madame Davezac, Maud Hosford; Grosse Poulette, Ruth Lloyd; Mammy Lina, Jane Kendrick.

Dustin Farnum as Cameo Kirby, the Mississippi River gambler of old slavery days in the South, is a splendid romantic actor, and fills the eye like a Cruikshank's illustration in one of Dickens's

novels. Emmett Corrigan, his attendant Pickwickian side-partner in the Tarkington-Wilson play, has a vaudeville-comedy way with him guaranteed to amuse audiences who don't come to the theatre to think. May Buckley's intensified ingenu personality fits agreeably enough into the artificial rôle of Adele Randall, the beautiful orphan girl, whose dead father gambled away the plantation. George Thatcher's former burnt-cork minstrel training eminently qualifies him to play a sort of minor Uncle Tom. The above-named quartet of principals, supported by a cast of a dozen more players of average ability, might probably save a worse piece than "Cameo Kirby" from positive failure. But the work has no real dramatic value, and is hopelessly out of date.

CRITERION. "THE BACHELOR'S BABY." Comedy farce in three acts by Francis Wilson. Produced December 27 with this cast:

Thomas Beach, Francis Wilson; Martin Dale, Clarence Handside; Theodore Harjes, Robert Conness; Colonel John Calvert, Franklin Roberts; Forbes, E. Soldene Powell; Winifred West, Edna Bruns; Mrs. Brookfield West, Lillian Lawrence; Mrs. Emily Streator, Helen Strickland; Martha Calvert Beach, Baby Davis; Colored Mammy, May Davis; Atkins, Fred Beane.

Not satisfied with being the most successful comedian on our stage, Francis Wilson also aspires to be a playwright. From an original one-act playlet, Mr. Wilson has elaborated the present piece into a vehicle in which to exploit his talents. The play finds its motive in the regeneration of an obdurate bachelor uncle by a four-year-old baby, of whom he is appointed guardian. The comedian finds his opportunity in a scene when he obstinately refuses to meet the advances of his little niece. After several unsuccessful attempts to gain her uncle's affection the baby forcibly throws herself at him, and so wins her way into her uncle's affections. When Winifred West, the girl whom the bachelor loves, and who declines his proposals of marriage on account of his well-known dislike for children, learns that he has opened his heart to his little charge, all is easy sailing. Baby Davis, as the young ward, made a decided hit with the audience. The comedy at times becomes a little strained, but Mr. Wilson as Tom Beach, retains the place he holds in the affections of theatregoers fond of a laugh.

GLOBE. "THE OLD TOWN." Musical play. Book by George Ade. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced January 10 with this cast:

Henry Clay Baxter, Fred A. Stone; Archibald Hawkins, Dave Montgomery; Hon. Dike Bilwether, Claude Gillingwater; Ernestine Bilwether, Alene Crater; Caroline Bristow, Flo Hengler; Diana Bristow, May Hengler; Gustina Jimpson, Ethel Johnson; Lieut. Otto Von Up de Graff, W. J. McCarthy; W. Darrell Gimpley, Lyndon Law; Jim Flanders, John Hendricks; Ethel Trotter, Shirley Kellogg; Donald MacGookin, Claude Cooper; Pungus Dumfries, Fred Perine.

The new playhouse at Broadway and Forty-sixth Street rather than the new play was the attraction at the auspicious opening of Charles Dillingham's Globe Theatre. The stars of the occasion, Messrs. Montgomery and Stone, are too well known as funny men to need introduction here. When one has said that they did all their old tricks as well as ever, that Mr. Ade's book contains the usual slangy, slap-stick humor and that Mr. Luder's score was full of merry jingle—there is nothing to be added. The theatre itself is named after the ancient Globe Theatre in London, the barnlike playhouse at Bankside in which Shakespeare acted 300 years ago. The interior design is a modern representation of the architecture of the Italian Renaissance. The color scheme makes all the draperies of Rose du Barry, and the walls of an old-gold and blue and ivory-white. The theatre has entrances on Forty-sixth Street, as well as an entrance on Broadway.

A novel feature is a large oval panel in the ceiling of the theatre so arranged that it may be opened when desired, the audience thus being permitted to contemplate an open sky from the auditorium. By this provision, the new playhouse may be transformed in summer into practically an out-of-door theatre, permitting an extension of the theatrical season through the warm months, after the manner of a roof garden.

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BERKELEY. "KNOW THYSELF." (Connias-Tol.) Play in three acts by Paul Hervieu. English version by Algernon Bayesen. Produced December 27 with this cast:

General de Siberan, Arnold Daly; Doncieres, Vincent Sternroed; Jean de Siberan, Norman Thorp; Pavail, Frederic Lewis; Servant, Jean Claren; Clarisse de Siberan, Muriel Hope; Anna Doncieres, Louise Rutter.

Arnold Daly was seen at the Berkeley Lyceum recently in a play by Paul Hervieu entitled "Connais-Tol" (Know Thyself). It met with only moderate success. The story deals with an old

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soldier, General de Siberan, a martinet, who rules his wife with an iron hand. With them lives M. Doncieres, a cousin of the general, whose young wife is discovered under compromising circumstances. A young officer is suspected. Neither he nor the wife deny their guilt, and the general decides to banish the man, insisting that his cousin divorce the woman. The general finally discovers that it is his own son is the guilty party, and he realizes that he has been perhaps too hasty in judging others.

HACKETT. "OLIVE LATIMER'S HUSBAND." Play in three acts by Rudolph Besier. Produced January 7, at a special matinee, with this cast:

Lewis, Charles N. Greene; Dr. Wolfe, Basil West; Col. Mapleson-Finch, Grant Stewart; Mrs. Mapleson-Finch, Amelia Mayborn; James Morpeth, M.D., Verner Clarges; Doris Mapleson-Finch, Katherine Keppell; Berkeley Ogden, M.P., Harry Scarborough; Olive, Mary Lawton; Mrs. O'Connor, Hattie Russell; Nurse Carey, Roberta Droste; Sir Charles Weyburn, M.D., Sheldon Lewis.

This piece, written by the author of "Don," recently seen at the New Theatre, was morbid in theme. Olive Mapleson-Finch is compelled by extravagant parents to marry Harry Latimer. The young wife falls in love with another man, Sir Charles Weyburn, and causes her husband's death. Fearing that a letter addressed by the dying man to Sir Charles will denounce her as his murderess, she accuses herself. The letter is opened and is found to contain only the dying man's wish that his wife marry and be happy with Sir Charles. Olive breaks down and renounces the happiness she sought.

WEBER'S. "THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY." Musical play in three acts. Book by Adams and Hough. Music by Joseph Howard. Produced December 22 with this cast:

Lord Algernon Banbury, Charles Aveling; Hope Butterworth, Frances Demarest; Mrs. Horace Butterworth, Marie Richmond; Lady Fitzhugh, Murray Florence Gerald; Doris Butterworth, Stella Tracey; Horace Butterworth, Louis Casavant; Harry McCormick, Wilton Taylor; Phylis Crane, May De Sousa; Bill, the barkeep, Myles McCarthy; Lord Jack's Tailor, Sol Solomon; Taxi Driver, Joseph Clark; Lord Jack Wyngate, Edward Abeles; Sigmund, George W. Dachshund; Augustus Butterworth, H. T. Pinkham.

With new thought, mental thought, and many nerve-racking subjects dramatized recently, it has remained for "The Goddess of Liberty" to turn our thoughts to our physical selves. It is a physical culture show, with athletic music, acting, actors, and girls. It is light—not to say fantastic. Lord Jack Wyngate (Edward Abeles) has been the black sheep of a titled family. He must marry an heiress. His cousin, Lord Algernon Banbury, arranges a moneyed-marriage for Lord Jack with the daughter of a millionaire physical culture crank. Papa-in-law puts titled Jack in "training." That is the plot.

The production is Ned Wayburnish throughout. The chorus is mostly pretty, taking one back to "the old days" at the "Old Stand"—shows marked signs of a course in physical culture under physical-culturist, Ned Wayburn.

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL. "MA GOSSE." Realistic play in one act by Yves Mirande and Henri Caen. Produced January 10.

The thugs of Paris are called in the local slang "Apaches," a reminiscence of the one-time vogue of Fenimore Cooper's Indian tales. They have a "tough" dance, not unlike the New York Bowery "spiel," and which, like the latter, is practised mainly for public exhibition purposes, as when a professional guide brings in to the purlieus a swell slumming party at \$5 per head. This dance, variously known as the "Apache," "Danse Noire," or "Black Dance," has reached the New York vaudeville stage via the London music halls. It is having a decided vogue at the present moment—a vogue which we should prefer to believe founded upon sensational novelty only; for such human depravity surely was never set before a polite audience. However, there is an abstract



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artistic viewpoint from which this show, at the American, is entitled to notice. It is a well-acted Moulin Rouge scene, mostly in English as to spoken dialogue, and including a *morceau* or two of Lehar music worthy in itself of the composer of the "Merry Widow."

PLAZA MUSIC HALL. R. A. Roberts, the well-known English Protean artist, was the chief attraction at this popular house the week of January 10. In a piece depicting an exciting chapter in the checkered career of the infamous Dick Turpin, Mr. Roberts impersonates himself each of the five characters, of which two are female. The changes in costume and make-up are made with startling rapidity, and each impersonation is carried out with extraordinary verisimilitude. The playlet itself has considerable merit, and the stage setting is a highly interesting replica of an old English tavern of the period.

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Lauder now makes Victor Records only. Certainly the most remarkable series of voice reproductions ever offered to the public is the list of new records, by Harry Lauder, just issued by the Victor Company. In Lauder's work there are so many delicate little bits of comedy, sometimes only a whisper, and occasionally an amusing lisp which an audience at the vaudeville can catch perfectly, having the mobile face of the comedian to aid them.

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The sacred songs of the late Herbert Johnson are familiar to nearly all singers, and never fail to make a deep impression upon all who hear them. Foremost among these songs in the "Face to Face" which has achieved a phenomenal success. Mr. Hemus has now made a ten-inch record of this popular number, and the reproduction is a superb one in every respect.

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The profound impression made by John McCormack upon the occasion of his American debut, at the Manhattan Opera House in November, has been steadily strengthened by McCormack's subsequent performances, and with each new appearance his fame grows apace. Below are listed four selections showing McCormack at his best in the ballad work for which he is so famous: *I Sent My Love Two Roses, Absent, I Know of Two Bright Eyes, A Farewell*.

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We give a partial list of these new records: Selections from "Carmen," selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana," *Salut d'Amour* (*Love's Greeting*), *Jesus, Lover of My Soul, Madame Butterfly*.

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Fashion Features from Far and Near

LAST month I thought that I had quite exhausted the subject of fabrics for the approaching season, but during the past week I have found so many new and admirable ones that I must perforce return to it. There will not be such a great change in shades this spring, even when the genuine spring fashions are launched in Paris the middle of this month, that one need hesitate about acquiring any of these new fabrics. By some species of wireless telegraphy the importers and manufacturers of materials learn sometime in advance just what fabrics will be adopted by the great Paris dressmakers, who are the acknowledged leaders of style, so that the goods now being so beautifully displayed in the shops are certain to be the height of style. The matter of selection depends then largely upon the times and occasions on which the materials are to be worn.

Beautiful indeed are many of the silks which come to us from the Far East, as well as those which take their characteristics from these exquisite fabrics. Perhaps of all these the Habutai silks are the most practical. This is the real name for what a few years ago was so generally known as India silk. Habutai silk is most suitable for warm weather wear because of its extreme lightness, which might truly be called feather-weight. The designs are very similar to those shown in the fashionable foulards, and undoubtedly Habutai silk will often be mistaken for foulard. Habutai silk has another new characteristic in common with the best of the new foulards, and that is it has been subjected during its manufacture to a process which makes it proof against rain and spotting by water.

The tendency being towards double-width silks, there are more wide foulards shown this season than ever before. These are forty-four inches wide, so that they are well adapted to the draped afternoon and evening gowns, which have already received the endorsement of most of the best French dressmakers.

How few women realize the time and trouble expended upon the fabrics that go to make up their attire! Some of the finest of the foulards have made the journey half around the world. Nor has this been a continuous voyage, but one with a stop-over privilege. For they have been woven in China and Japan, and then sent to Lyons to receive the artistic ensigns of French dyeing and printing.

Don't think for one instant, however, that I decry the dyeing and printing done in America. Far from it. There are some manufacturers here whose fabrics whether silk, cotton or wool compare well

with those of any foreign country. But with the utmost patriotism it must be acknowledged that these admirable American materials are not yet in the majority.

Here is just a hint that if you want the best selection of the new foulards, as well as other fashionable silks and linens, it will be advisable to choose them soon. For the French dyers have gone on a strike, and while you may have read this fact in the daily papers, you

would hardly stop to think that it might be the means of your going without the usual number of costumes and tailored suits this summer. Yet so it may be, for if this strike be long continued in all probability the early shipments will be the only ones received in this country. Hence, it is actually likely this season to be a case of the early bird catching the silkworm.

Small, neat designs are the characteristic of the imported foulards, just as they are of those made here. There are dots and blocks in profusion, but in entirely new combinations and arrangements. One of the most attractive of the new designs to me is a tiny black block set somewhat on the bias on a white ground. I can just imagine what a stunning gown it will make combined with touches of cherry silk and black satin with just a suspicion of gold braid or embroidery.

Then there are diagonal foulards, which have a colored ground powdered with white dots. Something quite different from what has ever been seen before is a moiré foulard. This, as the name explains, has a watered silk ground on which are printed the small white figures. This gives a changeable effect that is most fascinating, and accords well with the general fashion tendency towards moiré and changeable effects in silk and chiffon. It is a foulard that will be exquisite for afternoon and evening costumes.

Speaking of diagonal foulards reminds me that there is a new diagonal shantung, which comes in black as well as colors,

that should make a strong appeal to the women who admire black silk costumes and tailored suits yet want to get away from the over-worked black taffeta. This black shantung is yarn-dyed, so that it is a splendid black, and there is no danger of its changing color and becoming rusty with wear. If I remember rightly it retails for one dollar and a half for twenty-seven-inch goods. If you consider buying black shantung, it will be well to insist on its being yarn-dyed.

Chiffon is very pretty combined with foulard, and I imagine it will be quite a feature of the spring models. The fashion idea is to select a chiffon to match the color of the foulard, and then stretch it



Photo Felix

Evening gown of king's blue satin edged with velvet of the same shade, and covered with a tulle of black tulle, heavily embroidered in stole effect with brilliant black jet. Here is evidence of the continued vogue of jet. Made by Lafferrère, Paris



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"Act III. Restaurant Garden Scene at Ville d'Avray near Paris"

MARY GARDEN IN HER LATEST OPERATIC TRIUMPH

wore the above illustrated costume of **"SALÔME"** Silk, made for her by the renowned couturier—Redfern—Paris



Copyright by Femina.
Evening gown of green and gold brocade. Tunic of biscuit colored net, bordered with ocre colored silk malines. The lines of the corsage are unusually good. Made by Martial and Armand, Paris

plainly over the figured material. Wide bands of chiffon that border the bottom of the skirt, or outline the drapery of the tunic, make unusually effective and inexpensive trimming. Then the foulard sleeves may be covered with the plain chiffon, while the guimpe is of chiffon made over a lace lining.

The last touch of style may be given to such a costume by wearing over the shoulders a chiffon scarf of the same color. This must be fully a yard wide by two and a half yards long. The scarf is tucked under the arms at the elbows, so that the ends are allowed to blow about with every summer breeze. It is a pretty and graceful fashion that can be utilized with costumes of other materials, and one to which the fair Parisiennes are particularly partial. It seems strange to me that it has not been more generally adopted in this country, where it would make the most comfortable sort of a wrap for hot summer days.

For elegant afternoon and evening gowns there is no more beautiful fabric than Tanriyoku crepe. Crepe, as you know, is to be one of the most fashionable fabrics this spring, and will undoubtedly retain its popularity next winter. This Tanriyoku crepe comes in both a lustrous and a dull finish, and in the most exquisite shades

of the fashionable colors. It is forty-four inches wide, and so soft and clinging that it is admirably suited to draperies of every description. There is a sort of a long crinkle over the surface that is enchanting.

Salome silk has the same beautiful draping qualities, and at the same time it is as feathery in weight as Habutai silk. Here is an American silk that is every way admirable. The lovely shades in which it comes compare favorably with the most exquisite of the Lyons-dyed fabrics. It is the one silk of this country that has been accepted by the fashion authorities of Paris. I hear that some of the leading actresses of the French stage are wearing costumes made of Salome silk, while Mary Garden has quite a collection of stunning gowns made of it.

One of the handsomest silk materials is hand-embroidered Canton crepe. This is woven and embroidered in China, the designs being taken from the artistic old Canton crepe shawls, which are now considered genuine works of art and worthy of exhibition in the world-famous museums. There are some lovely shades shown in this hand-embroidered Canton crepe. But its added value to the exacting American woman will be the fact that it has been imported also in all white with the idea that the purchaser will order it dyed to suit her individual coloring. It is only necessary to take a sample of the shade you desire to have the hue reproduced exactly. Thus it can be dyed to harmonize with the prevailing color of the room in which it will be worn, if it is to be made into an at home gown. Or it may be dyed to match the color of your favorite flower. There are all sorts of artistic possibilities in color schemes that may be carried out, and then there will be the immense satisfaction of being quite positive that there will be no other gown of quite the same



Photo Felix
Afternoon gown of changeable gray and yellow taffeta trimmed with flounces of old lace. The draped corsage with its guimpe of old lace has the drooping shoulder effect. This is an example of the 1890 modes, which is a new note in present day styles. Made by Zimmerman, Paris

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shade as that chosen by the woman who has her crepe dyed to order.

I can imagine no more beautiful fabric for a wedding gown than this same hand-embroidered crepe; this, of course, in white, with a transparent guimpe and sleeve ruffles of rare point lace. There are excellent suggestions for the lace trimmings to be found in the Nattier portraits of Madame Adelaide and Made Victoire, and the Le Brun portrait of Marie Antoinette, which now hang in the palace at Versailles. A suggestion for the fashionable bridesmaids' costumes may be obtained from the costume of Madame Infante in the painting by Guiard, which hangs in the same palace. For, indeed, we are coming once more to the costumes of the Louis XV and XVI periods, but with the cumbersome fulness about the hips obliterated, and thus well adapted to modern tastes and requirements.

At one of the prettiest weddings of the past month, as it was the most fashionable, the bridesmaids were dressed in costumes copied from a Romney painting. These costumes were of pale-blue supple moiré trimmed with narrow bands of a dark-brown fur, and completed by picture hats of brown tulle ornamented with pink roses,



Tailored hats designed by A. D. Burgesser & Co.

which looked as though they had come fresh from the greenhouse. Then they carried old-fashioned bouquets of pink roses set in white lace frills and tied with pale-blue chiffon and darker satin ribbon. It was an unusual and most artistic color scheme.

A friend writes me from Paris that she has just seen some lovely things at Laferriere's that were distinctly of the Marie Antoinette period. "Of course, you know," she writes, "that Laferriere makes only for the individual and does not cater to the model trade, so that one has the satisfaction of knowing that the gowns one gets from there will not in their first season become shoppy and common as is so apt to be the case with some dressmakers over here.

"There is another house here, which is little known in America but that makes the most refined and elegant costumes. This is Badin. It is quite a new house, barely a year old, but then Monsieur Badin and many of his employees come from the long-established firm of Beer, when the head of the house passed on to that realm where crowns and wings are the chief articles of attire. A gown signed Badin is hailed by the true Parisienne as the latest stamp of fashion and elegance. There is always an idea in a Badin gown, the lines are exquisite, and I dare to prophesy that it will not be long before the Badin establishment in the Palace Vendome will be the Mecca of all well-dressed Americans. He uses such lovely materials, and his eye for color is truly marvelous."

Colleen is a lovely new poplin, which I came across in one of the shops the other day. It is softer and more pliable than the old-time Irish poplin, and it has an even more silky luster. It is a silk and wool material that unless you were told you would imagine all silk, so exquisite is its sheen. It comes in both plain and with a satin dot or other figure, and it is hardly necessary to say that it will give satisfactory wear since poplin has had an enviable reputation from time immemorable. It has the further advantage of being only \$1.75 a yard for the double width, which really makes it quite economical, as it does not require a silk lining, though, of course, that is much nicer for a handsome gown. Then, too, the colors are so lovely that it is certain to find favor with women of refinement. There are other poplins of narrower width at a less price, and all rejoicing in an Irish name, and all worthy of consideration by the discriminating shopper.



Copyright by Femina

Afternoon gown of brick red silk warp henrietta partly covered with a tunic of gray chiffon. The chiffon is drawn to the figure by means of fine hand run tucks that are overlaid with narrow velvet ribbon. A wide velvet band is run through the deep hem of the chiffon tunic. Made by Martial and Armand, Paris

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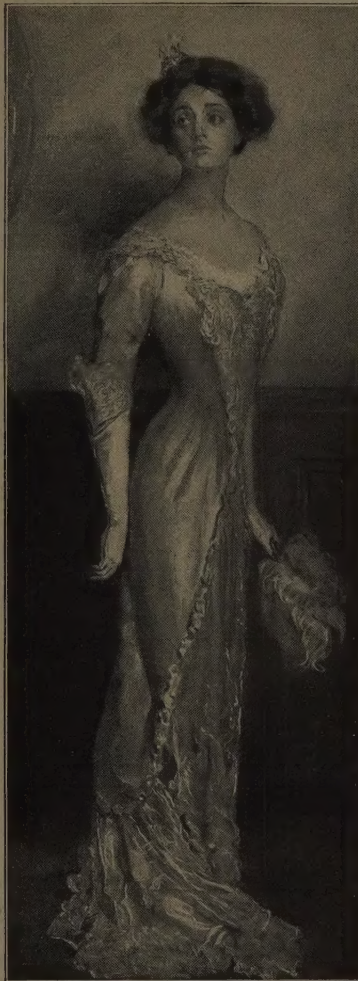
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Photo Manuel

Hat of fancy tilleul green straw ornamented with the new horse's tail and aigrette. Made by Eliane, Paris.

At the counter just across the way from the poplins I discovered an impressive display of the new French granité linen, which recalled the fact that this was the linen of which some of the Paris dressmakers were speaking to me in the highest terms last summer. It is a new weave of linen which has rather a rough surface, or perhaps uneven would be the better word, and is an excellent ma-

terial for the construction of the tailored suit. It will be decidedly the smartest linen of the summer, for it comes in a wonderful array of those lovely indescribable shades that will be so fashionable this season. But a word to the wise, if you want a granité linen suit be up and buying, for the dyer's strike has affected the supply of

granité linen just as it has that of Lyons's silk.

Callot pongee gets its name from the fact that it was much used by that dressmaker last spring. It is a light-weight silk and wool material, which I at first mistook for Tussah Royal, the mohair and worsted mixture.

Stunning coats and gowns can be made of the Japanese brocades. These are all in one tone, and while some

are rather stiff, others are of the soft supply quality that makes them hang in the artistic clinging folds required by the fashionable gowns of the season. These Japanese brocades, both in design and coloring, are more in accord with the Paris idea with regard to brocades than any I have seen here.



Photo Manuel

Louis XVI hat of black, shirred tulle, edged with a black satin band trimmed with pink roses, and bows of tulle edged with black satin. A recent creation of Carlier, Paris.



Photo Manuel

Exquisite evening gown showing a novel combination of color. The gown is of draped brown chiffon over satin of the same tone. The skirt is bordered with a heavy band of brown velvet. The slashed tunic is of blue net embroidered with the same colored beads. The sleeves, belt and drapery on the tunic are of the brown velvet. Creation of Badin, Paris.

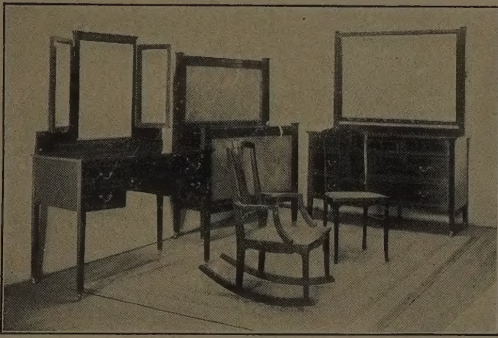


Photo Felix

Princess evening gown of figured marquisette, ornamented with crystal beads and fringe, the upper part of the corsage and sleeves being entirely composed of beads. Marquisette will be one of the much favored materials this spring. Made by Redfern, Paris.



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THE EMBLEM OF QUALITY



Photo Manuel
Turban of blue heddo straw braid
trimmed with primroses. An early spring
style made by Eliane, Paris

Then there are Chinese brocades that are a mingling of gorgeous color, which are eminently fitted for the ornamentation of costumes of natural-colored pongee, shantung or tussor. Choose which name you will the fabric is practically the same. A little of this Chinese brocade set off by a bit of black satin will quite lift the natural-colored shantung gown out of the ordinary, and give it the touch of originality and individuality at a comparatively trifling expense. While diagonal and ottoman shantungs are to be the height of smartness this

spring, the pebble pongee bids fair to run them a good second in the fashion race.

A glance over the representative collection of Burgess smart tailored hats is strong evidence that both large and small shapes will be again worn this spring. The large hats are exceedingly smart and at the same time picturesque, two qualities that are somewhat difficult to attain in straw, but which are well exemplified in this collection.

There are a great many of what are truly summer hats shown, because the women who buy them at this early date are buying them with the idea of wearing them at the Southern watering-places. There are stunning Panama hats that are just the thing for outdoor sports or for sailing. One of the na-tiest in the smaller shapes in these new Panamas is very similar to the felt alpine that so many of the best-dressed men have been wearing this winter for motoring, and it has the front brim rolled up at one side in the same cavalier style. It is simply banded with a black gross-grain ribbon, as are some of the larger shapes that serve so well to protect the complexion from the too ardent rays of the Southern sun.

Then there are fetching little black, blue and green straw hats that are just the thing for traveling. These are in toque and turban shapes, while others equally stylish have the three-quarter rolled brim, which makes one realize that women will this spring have to pay particular attention to the way they arrange their back hair, for these new shapes bring it into considerable prominence.

The smooth milan straws are quite a favorite in the more dressy styles, though there are a considerable number of rough shining braids used. A pretty white straw of the rough braid was simply trimmed with two green wings, which branched off from the center-front of the hat, where they were seemingly held in place by a stiff bow of green velvet ribbon. Indeed, colored and black velvet ribbon is one of the characteristic trimmings of the Burgess hats this season. Then there are long narrow quills, wings, owls's heads, and fancy feathers in profusion.

Many of the large hats have all sorts of picturesque indentations in the wide brims, most of which are turned up. The front brim is generally caught back on to the crown, or a little to one side of the front. This is a most becoming outline for the face beneath, as it gives a sufficient glimpse of the soft, wavy hair. Then there are poke bonnets for motoring, which fit well down over the head, so that the hair is well covered at the sides and back, yet allows a bit of the hair to show in front so that these pokes are unusually becoming. Some of them are already equipped with the all-enveloping chiffon veil, in such a manner that it can be worn over the face or not as desired.

The straw hats that have been prepared by the French milliners for the Riviera and Egypt, and which are being worn in these warm climes at the present moment, are of both the large and small sizes. There is so far nothing that is striking with regard to shape, unless the Louis XVI effects may be so regarded. These seem likely to make a greater impress during the coming season than they did during the winter, when they were too great a novelty to be generally favored.

A great deal of horsehair braid is being used for the new hats by the Paris authorities, also hemp and various rough braids. Then most welcome will be the return of the shirred tulle hat than which there is no more becoming style and material. A shirred tulle hat can only be well executed by a clever milliner, and therefore is certain to carry with it a distinction not obtainable in some other materials.

A very pretty Carlier model I was shown the other day was a moderately small white hemp hat with a roll brim, which began at the right side of the front and at the back attained the height of full four inches. This brim was faced with black velvet, and at the point where there was no brim at all there nestled a big American Beauty rose with a bit of foliage.

A notable fact is that the French woman puts her hat on with more style than does the average American. A New York milliner informed me that it was not so much that the French woman knew so much better how to place her hat in position, but because of the fact that her face was so much prettier! Well, I naturally disagreed with her entirely, but what was the use of trying to convince her that there are a hundred pretty girls on Fifth Avenue to one on the Boulevards. The reason I criticize the American ways of dressing is, they have such great natural advantages it seems a sin and a shame that they do not add to them the art of dressing. A few have it to be sure. It is just the other way in Paris. Every woman studies the art of dress, but the natural beauty is rare.



Photo Manuel
The Brandes toque, created by Carlier,
Paris, for the charming actress, Madame
Marthe Brandes. Of soft black straw
trimmed with wooden beads in colors

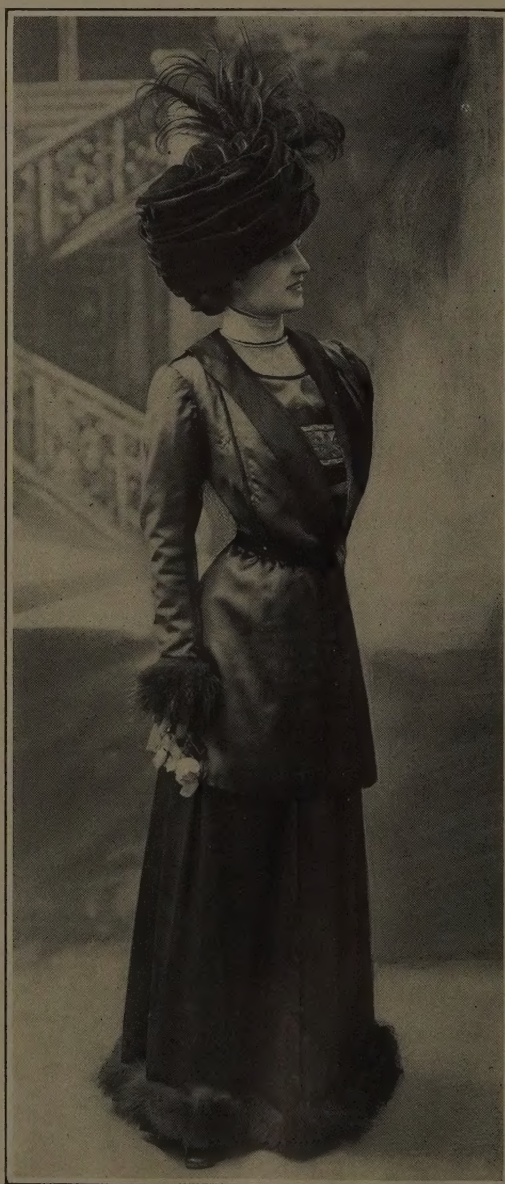


Photo Manuel
Smart walking costume of wine colored liberty. The Russian jacket is trimmed with skunk and black satin revers. The bodice is ornamented with a beautiful colored embroidery and black satin. Made by Henry & Co.